No 3
MAY 93

ZOOT!

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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

ZOOT!

by **ANDREW and ROGER LANGRIDGE** • EDITS BY **GROTH** (ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES)

Inframation: ANDREW LAYS IT ON THE LINE POUR **VOUS!**

THE REDOUBTABLE TARQUIN ~ 1, 16, 23.
THE REDOUBTABLE TARQUIN SAYS = 'DOLLS ARE SCARY'.

SHORT STORY = TRIPTYCH ~ 2
THIS IS AN OLD SCRIPT, WRITTEN JUST AFTER *ART d'ECCO #1* AND ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR A PROPOSED ONE-SHOT CALLED 'BLUE MURDER'. THE IDEA HAD BEEN RATTLING AROUND MY SKULL FOR MANY YEARS BEFORE THAT, BUT ONLY TOOK SHAPE AFTER I READ DEBORAH CAMERON AND ELIZABETH FRASER'S STARTLING ***THE LUST TO KILL = A FEMINIST INVESTIGATION OF SEXUAL MURDER*** (NYU PRESS, 1987).
AS SOON AS THE SCRIPT WAS FINISHED ITS FLAWS SCREAMED OUT AT ME AND IT HAS SUBSEQUENTLY UNDERGONE FOUR OR FIVE RADICAL REWRITES, LOSING MUCH INTRUSIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND EXPANDING TO THREE SECTIONS ALONG THE WAY.
THROUGHOUT THOSE YEARS THIS STORY WAS A TERRIBLE BURDEN IN MANY WAYS SO IT WAS SOMEWHAT FORTUNATE WHEN ROGER'S DEADLINE PROBLEMS FORCED ME TO OVERCOME MY STAGEFRIGHT AND PENCIL THE DAMNED THING. THANKS TO HIM (AND TERRY) FOR FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS EVEN WHEN THEY SEEMED ARBITRARY AND ABSTRUSE.
THIS IS, OF COURSE, DEDICATED TO ELIZABETH SHORT.

THE JOURNEY HALFWAY 2 ~ 17
THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF READINGS ...

THE FRIENDLY POOH ~ 22
GOD ONLY KNOWS WHERE THIS ONE CAME FROM.

THE GEOMETRICAL MAN ~ INSIDE BACK COVER
SYD GULLIBLE'S CULT FAVOURITE.

GUNS 'N' WALNUTS ~ BACK COVER
WORDS = JANIS JOPLIN.
PICTURES = ROGER LANGRIDGE.
MATCHMAKERS = MICHAEL WHARTON AND ANDREW LANGRIDGE.
(Dedicated to Gordon Rennie and Martin Emond)

SPECIAL THANKS

TO THE MULTI-TALENTED (HE INKS BACKGROUNDS! HE GRUMBLES!, HE INKS MORE BACKGROUNDS!)

Terry Rota

FOR DOING THE GERHARDS ON THIS ISSUE OF ZOOT!

LAST ISSUE YOU SAW ROGER WRITE. THIS ISSUE YOU SEE ANDREW DRAW. NEXT ISSUE YOU CAN SEE TERRY RUN AN EGG AND SPOON RACE.

WRITE TO: ZOOT! P.O. BOX 56-031, DOMINION ROAD, AUCKLAND 3, NEW ZEALAND

NEW ADDRESS!

EVERY LETTER GETS A PERSONAL REPLY!

CHEAP PLOY

ERNST the FILTHY CAT — Drew Bradley

ZOOT!

...DID YOU SAY YOU WERE LOOKING FOR **MIRIAM?**

RA**ÖUL.**

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

The Redoubtable TARQUIN

Oh my goodness gracious me! It's 2am, I'm all alone in the middle of the city and I've no way of getting home.

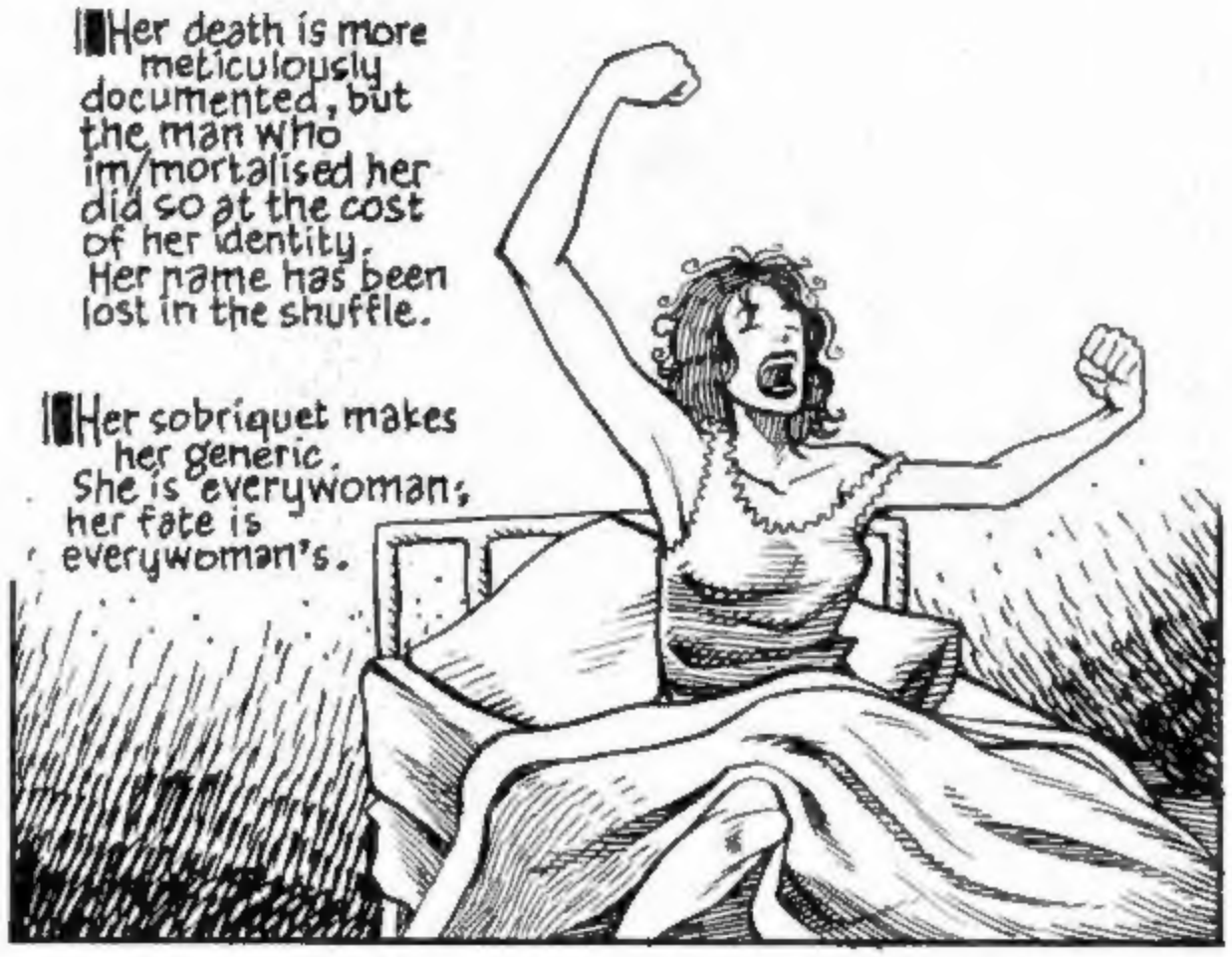
I'll have to call Father and get him to pick me up.

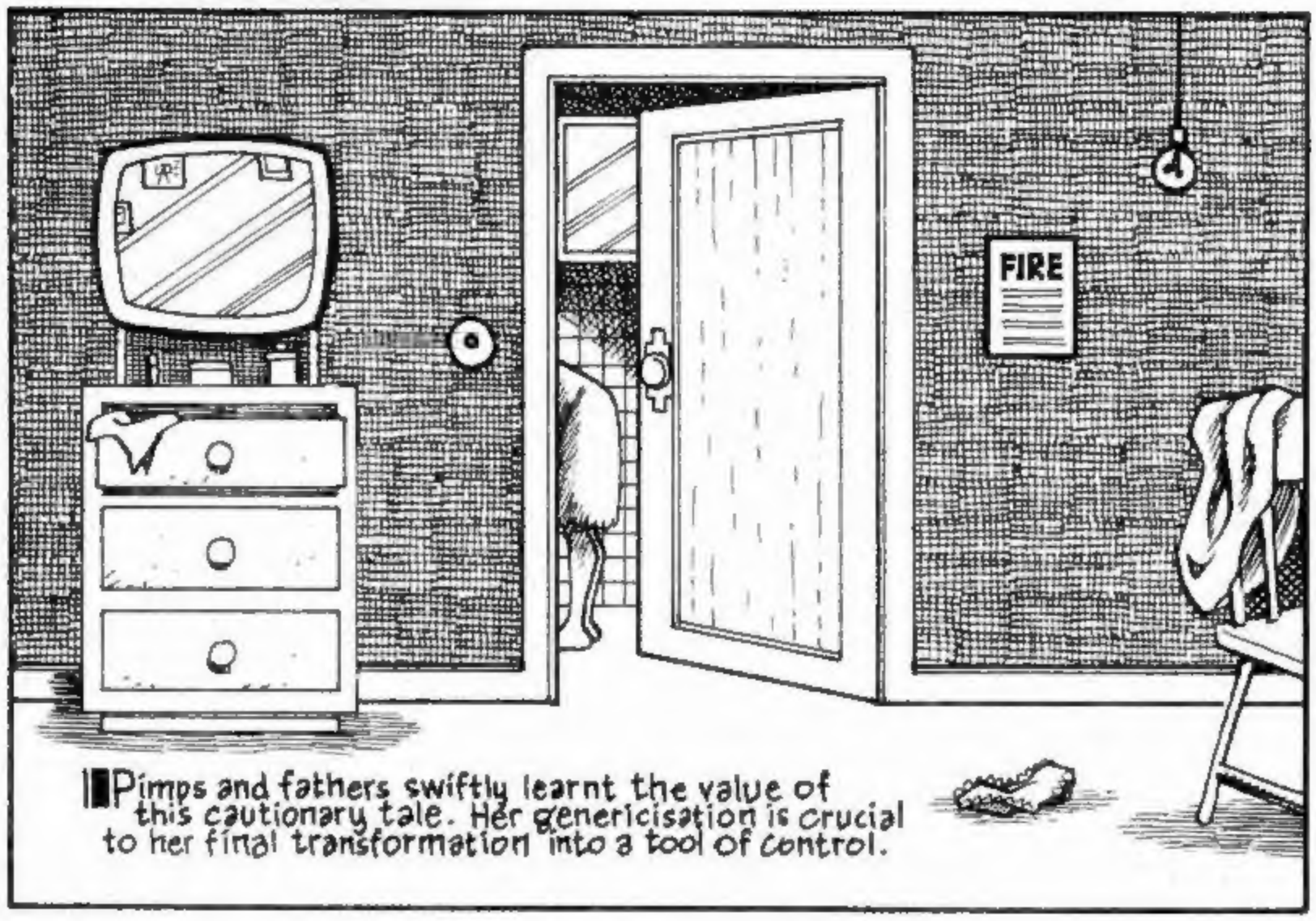
Now what on earth is my phone number?...

Little is known of the life of Elizabeth Short. What is known is a muddle of conjecture, generalisation and sensationalism ~ coloured by gender and afterthought.

Her death is more meticulously documented, but the man who im/mortalised her did so at the cost of her identity. Her name has been lost in the shuffle.

Her sobriquet makes her generic. She is everywoman; her fate is everywoman's.





Pimps and fathers swiftly learnt the value of this cautionary tale. Her genericisation is crucial to her final transformation into a tool of control.

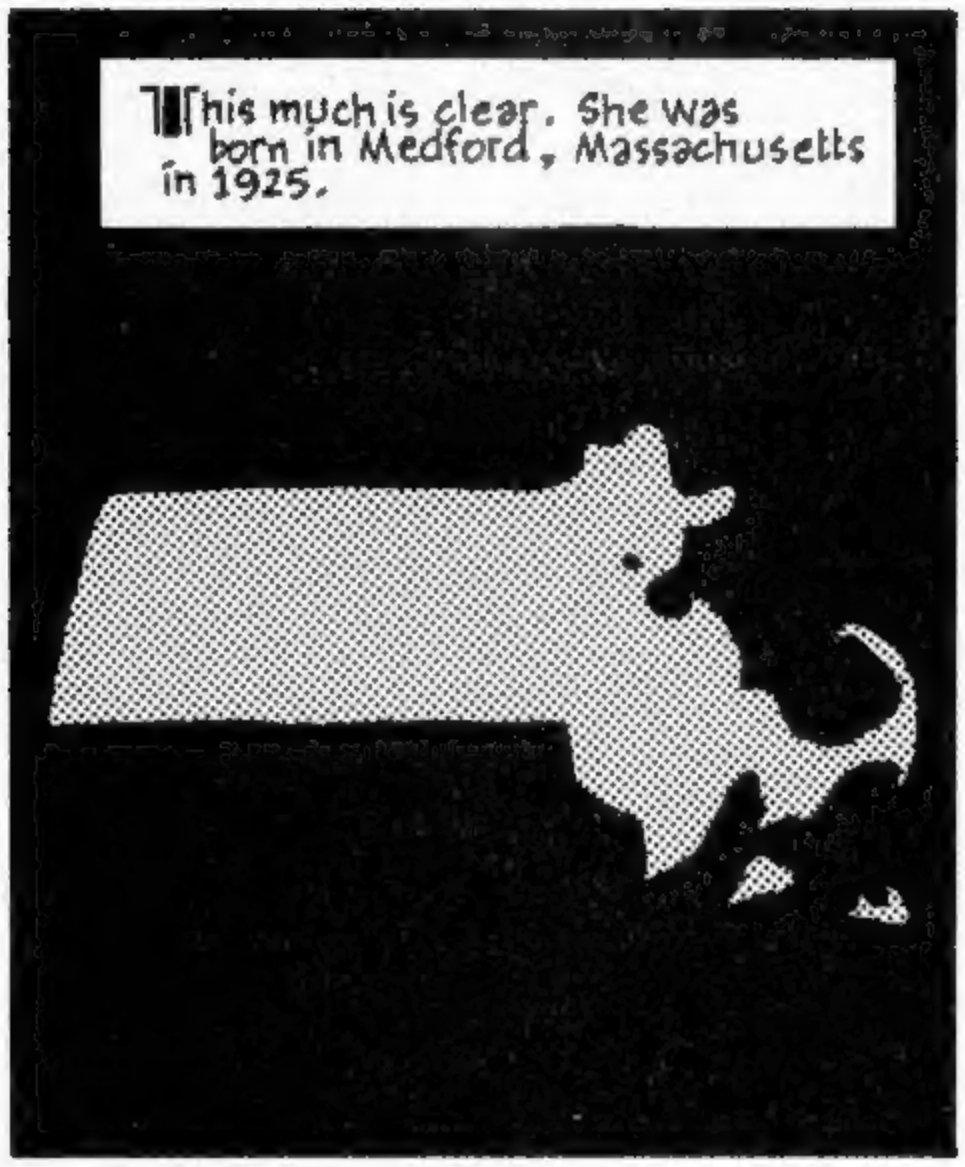
Nowhere can Elizabeth's voice be heard. On that Saturday morning (or Friday evening) she was struck dumb.

SHORT STORY

Few care to document the lives of ordinary citizens and by the time the ordinary become extraordinary it is often too late.

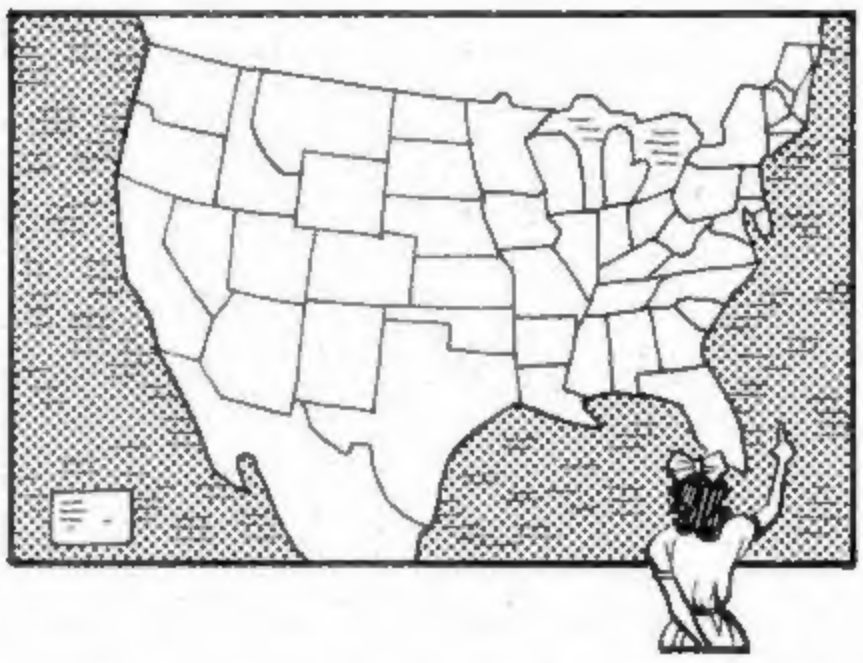
"Killed a girl today. It was nice and hot."

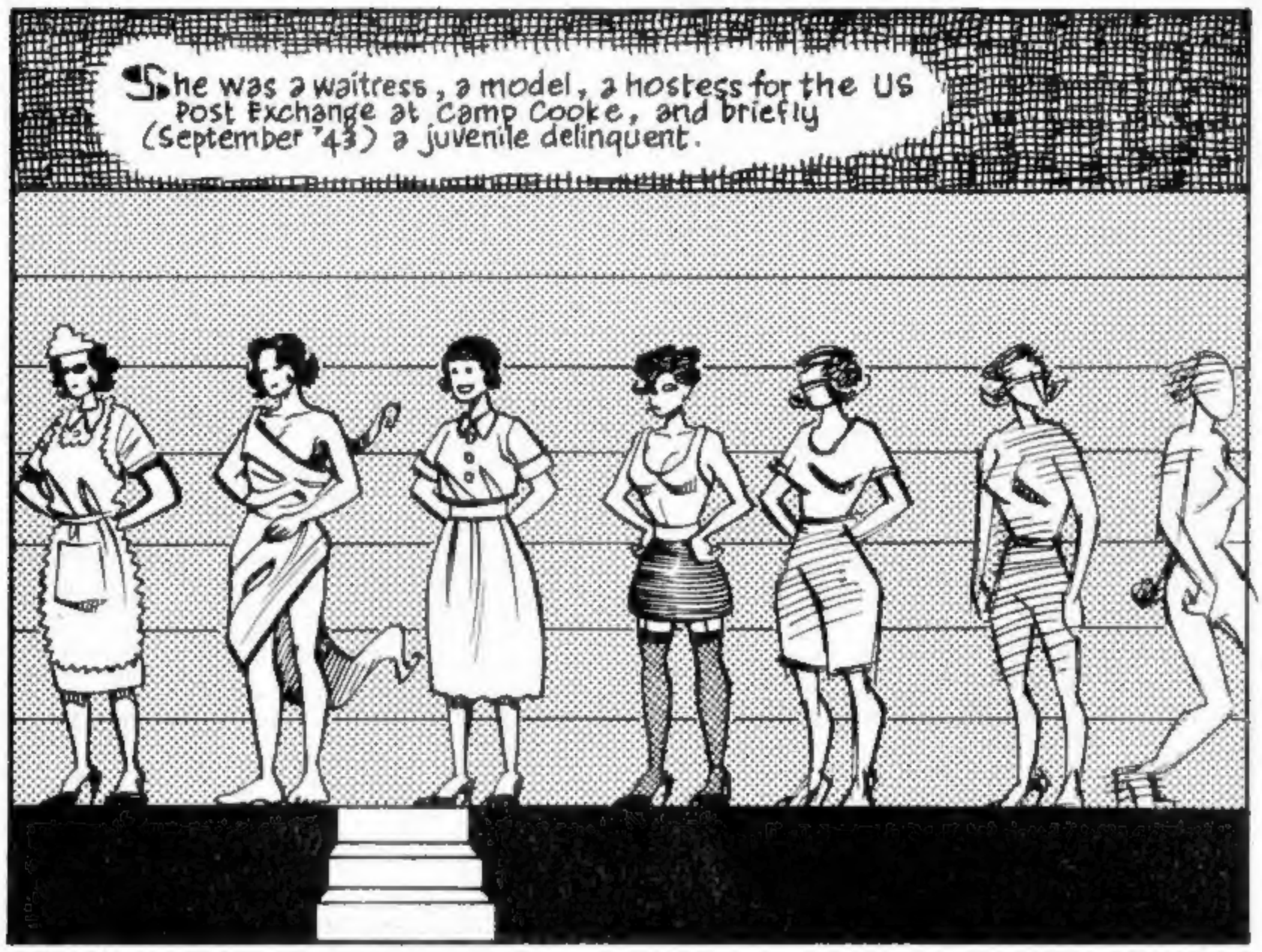
~DIARY ENTRY BY
FREDERICK BAKER, 1867



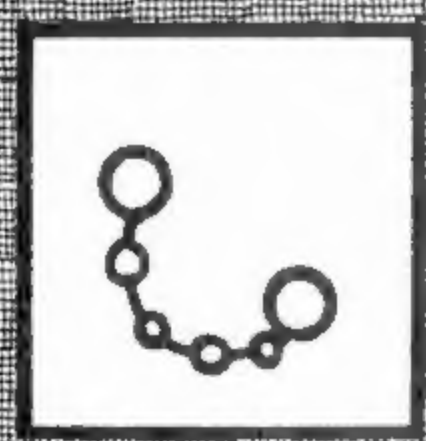
Her parents separated in 1931 and Elizabeth was raised by her mother.

At age 17 she began to wander. To Florida, to California, to Illinois, to Massachusetts, to California.



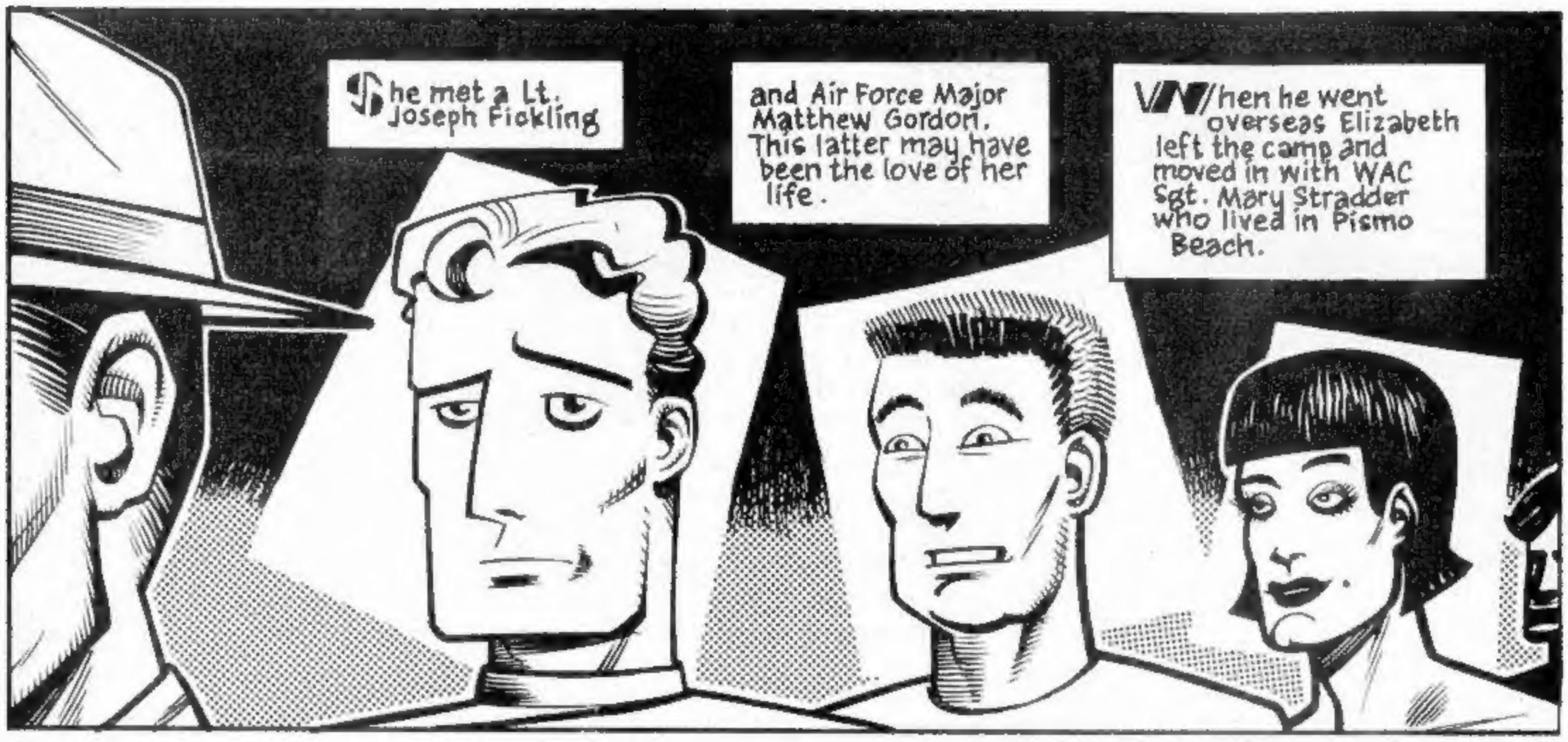


While working at Camp Cooke, Elizabeth lived for a time with an army supply sergeant. Once, he threatened to kill her. He was reported and dispatched.

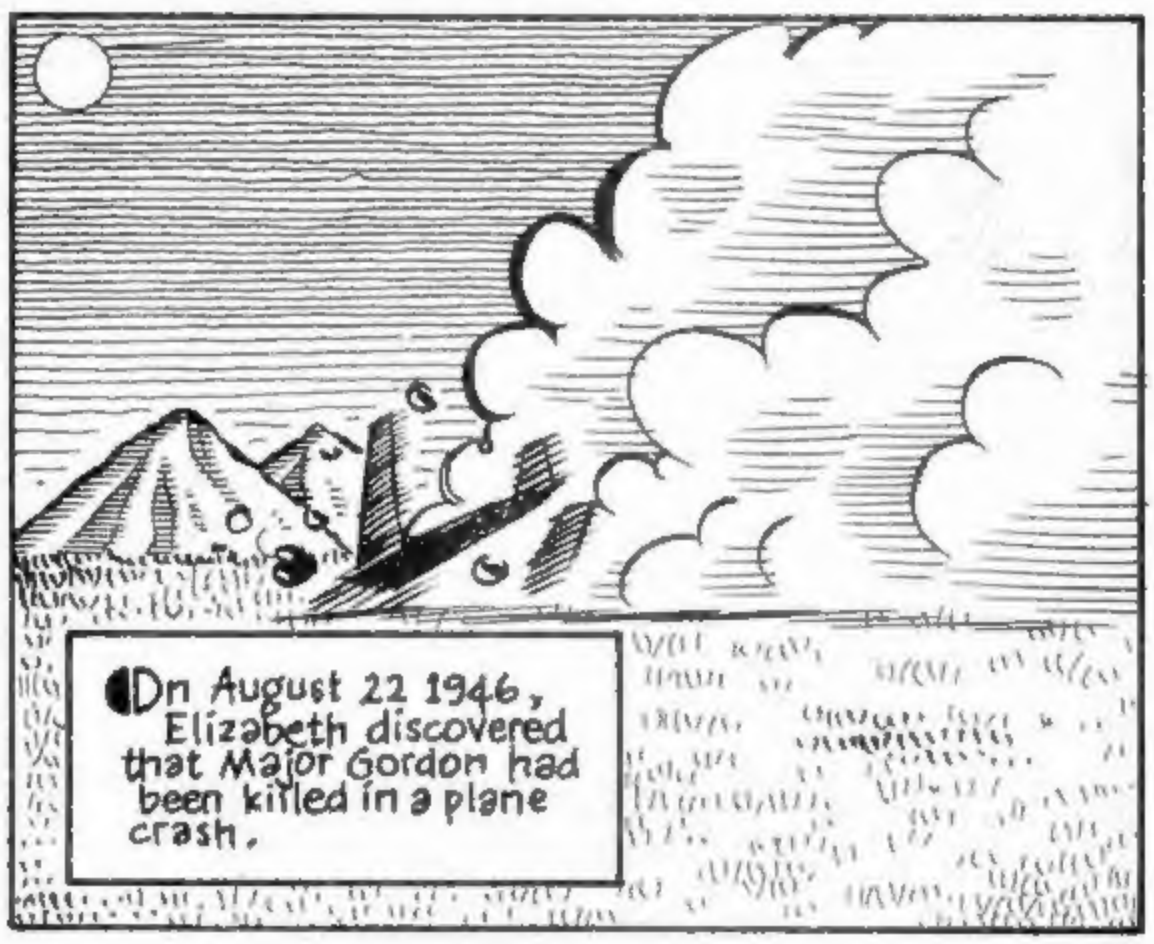


"The perfect woman is totally controlled. A woman who does exactly what she is told to do and nothing else. There is no sexual problem with a submissive woman. There are no frustrations ~ only pleasure and contentment."

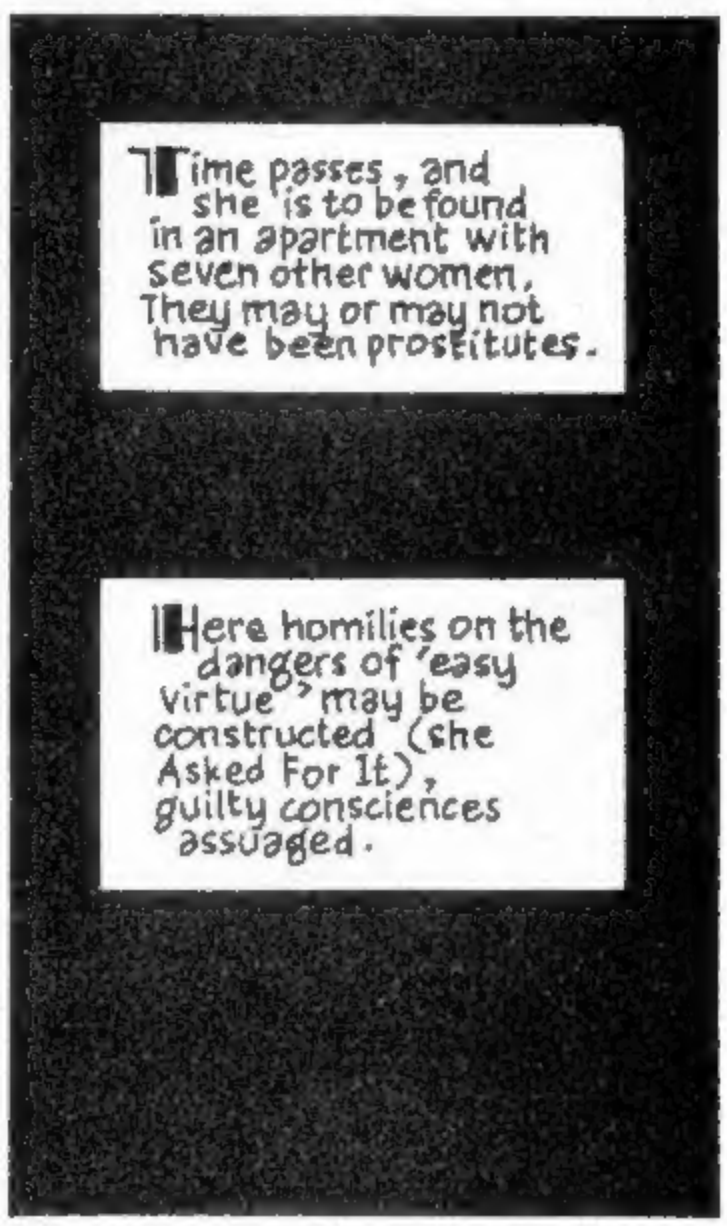
~ JOURNAL OF LEONARD LAKE, c. 1984 ~ MURDERED OVER 25 PEOPLE IN COLLABORATION WITH CHARLES NG, VIDEOTAPING MANY OF HIS RAPES AND MURDERS.


She met a Lt. Joseph Fickling
and Air Force Major Matthew Gordon. This latter may have been the love of her life.
When he went overseas Elizabeth left the camp and moved in with WAC Sgt. Mary Stradder who lived in Pismo Beach.

From there to Medford and, inexorably, back to California, an occasional extra waiting for fame like some mythical Lana Turner at a Long Beach drug store.

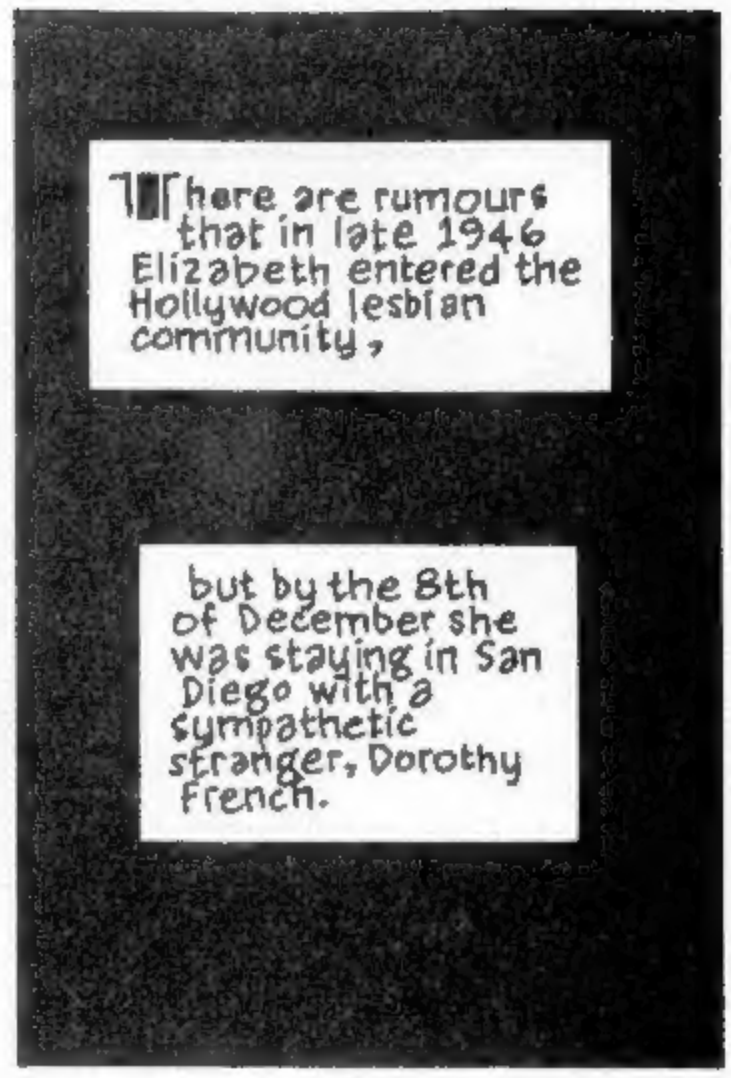

On August 22 1946, Elizabeth discovered that Major Gordon had been killed in a plane crash.

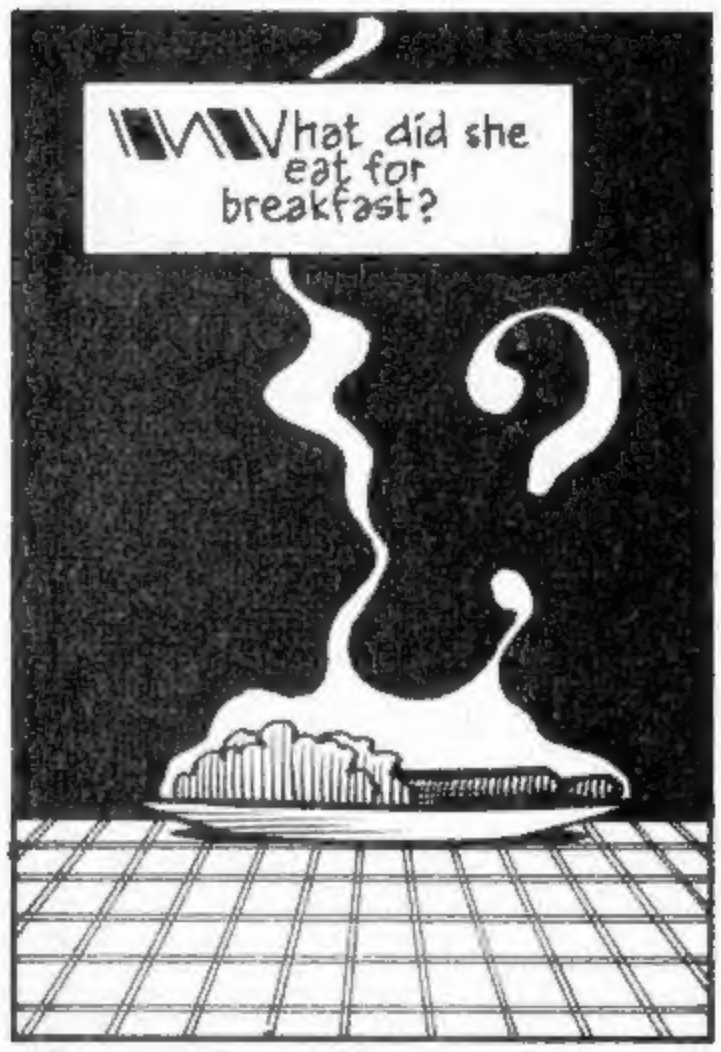
SECTION 3
10
BIRTHS, DEATHS AND IN MEMORIAM
BIRTHS
DEATHS
She clipped the necessary clippings, invented a similarly deceased son, and stepped into her new role as the grieving war widow.

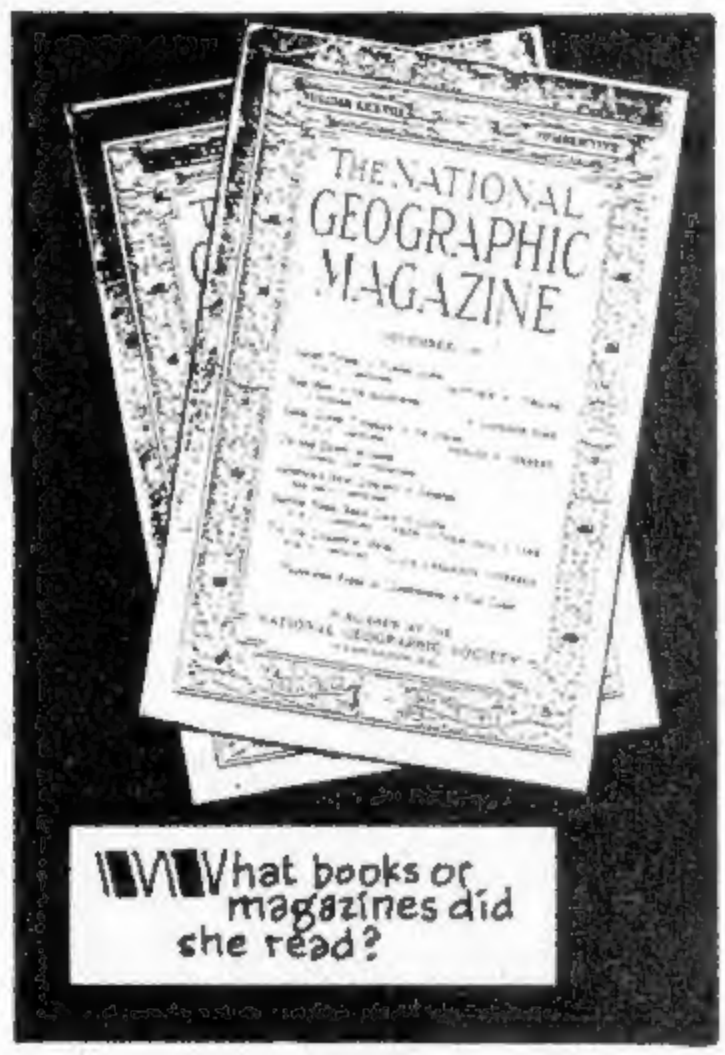

Time passes, and she is to be found in an apartment with seven other women. They may or may not have been prostitutes.
Here homilies on the dangers of 'easy virtue' may be constructed (she Asked For It), guilty consciences assuaged.

"I'd prick them here and there with my knife, and squeeze and pinch to make them quiver with fear. It made me feel good to see the women suffer, and the fear and horror in their eyes fed something in me that was sometimes even more pleasurable than having sex with them."

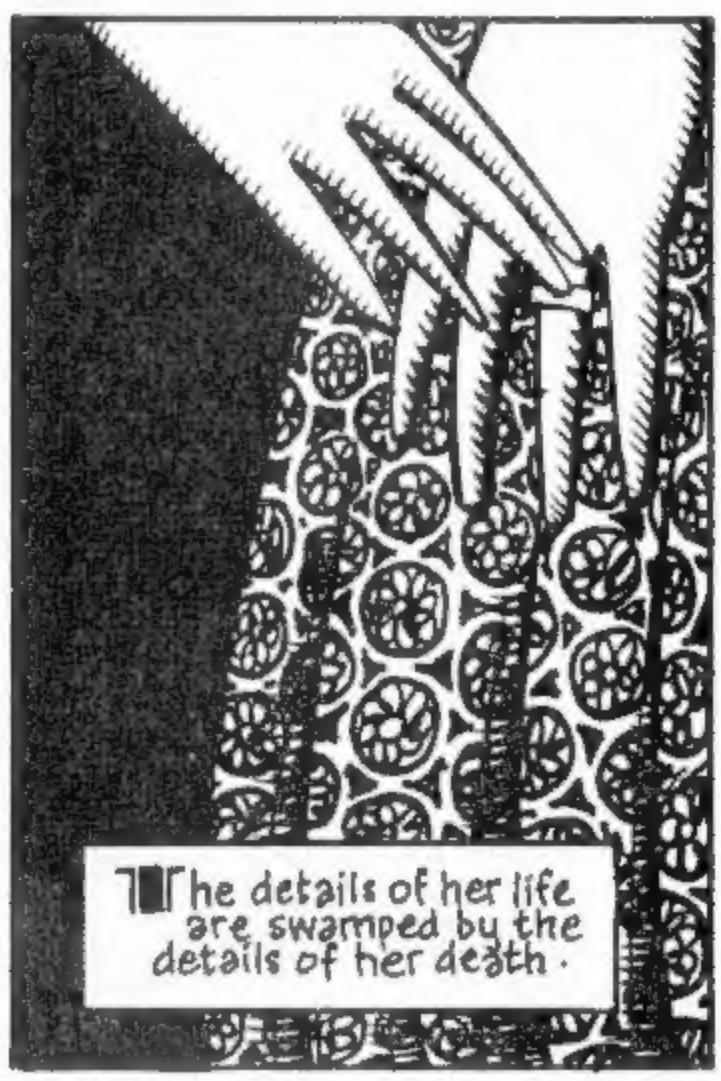
~ JOSÉ SOLANO MARCELINO ~
MURDERER, TORTURER AND RAPIST


There are rumours that in late 1946 Elizabeth entered the Hollywood lesbian community,
but by the 8th of December she was staying in San Diego with a sympathetic stranger, Dorothy French.


What did she eat for breakfast?


THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE
What books or magazines did she read?

Did she contact her parents during this time?


The details of her life are swamped by the details of her death.

One month later a telegram arrived.

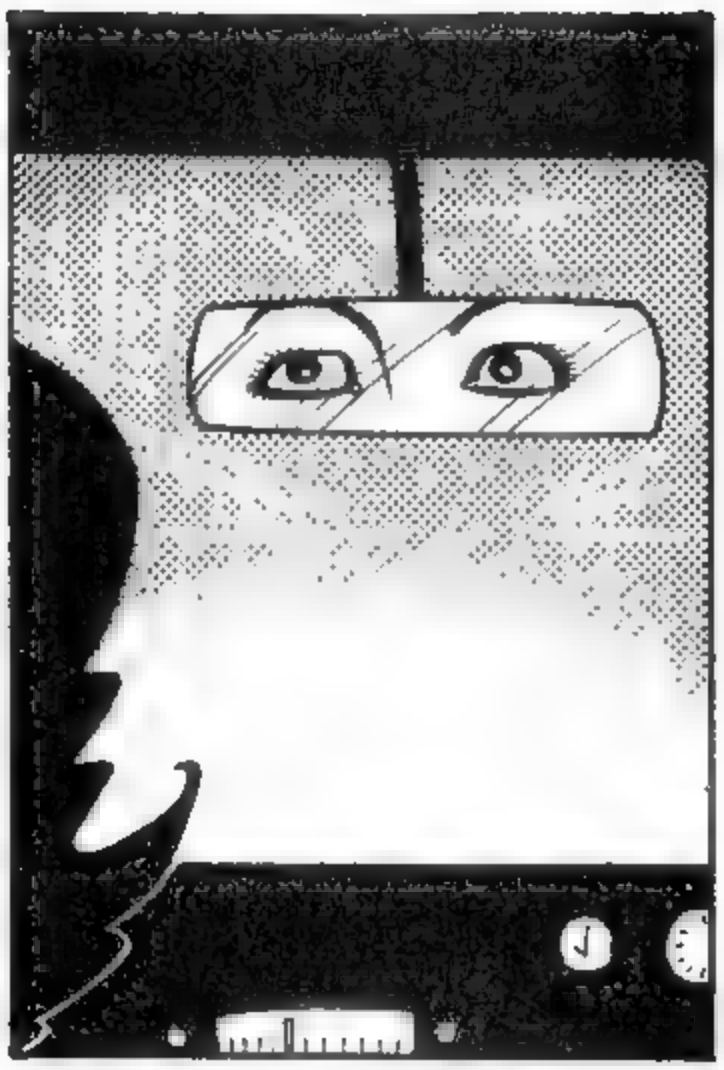
She was very happy.

"Since this girl in front of him represented not a person, but again the image, or something desirable, the last thing we would expect him to do would be to personalise this person."

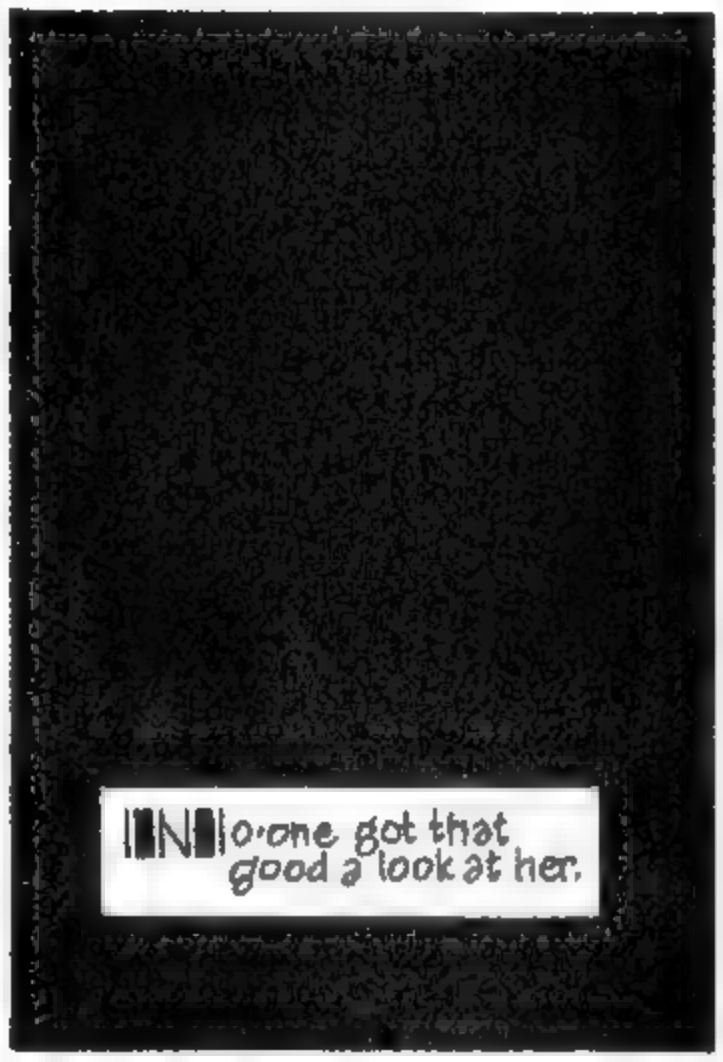
~ TED BUNDY (SPEAKING ABOUT HIMSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON) ON WHY HE TRIED NOT TO TALK WITH HIS VICTIMS.

1

At 7·30 pm on the 8th of January, 1947, a 1940 cream (or was it light tan?) coupé arrived for her. Its red-haired driver was in "a jolly mood".



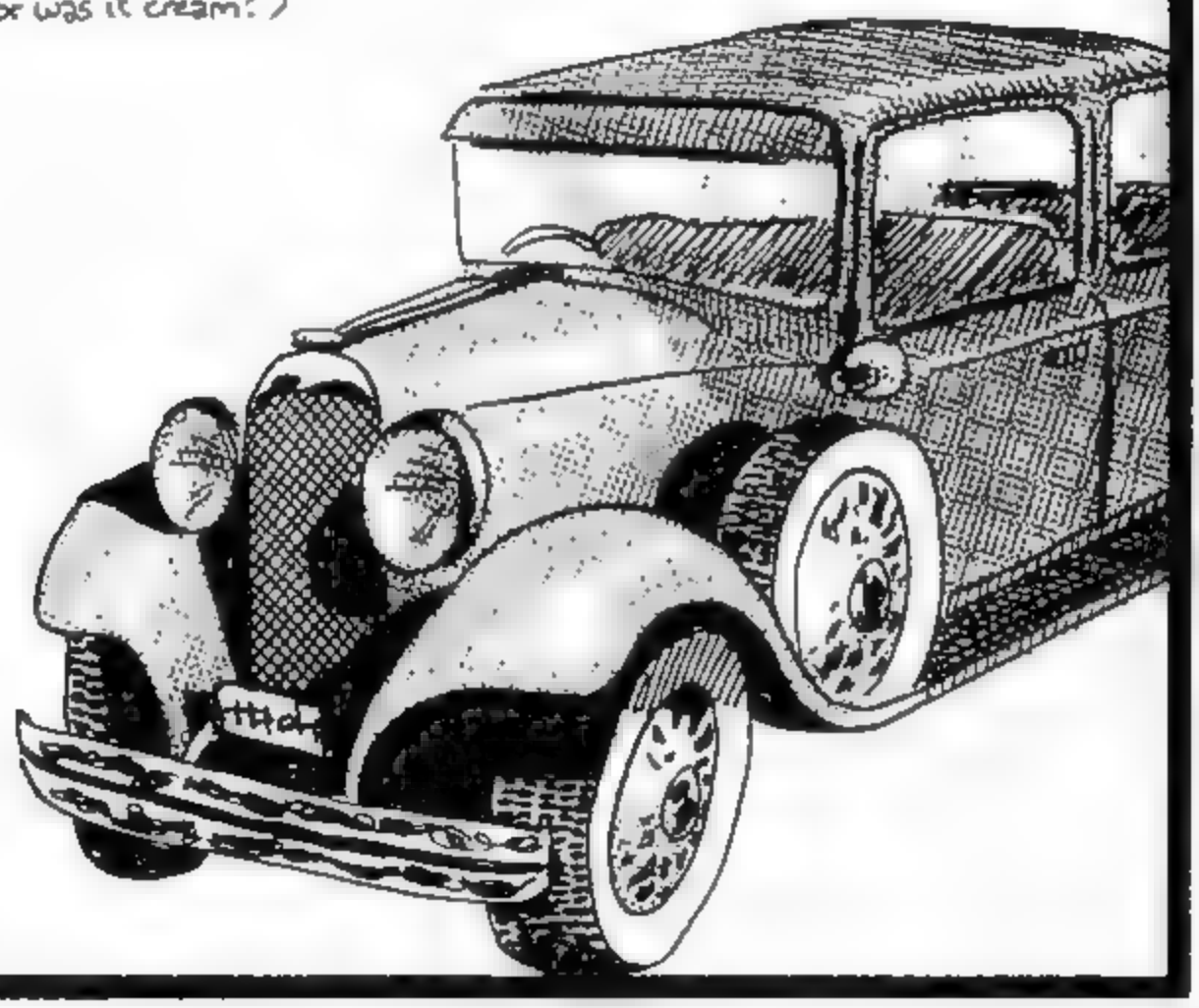
Throughout the next week she was sighted impossibly often.



The killer would have known her in more pleasant circumstances.

He may have driven an old light tan sedan

(or was it cream?)



In the weeks leading up to the 14th of January he may have bought:

cigarettes,

soap,

a stiff brush,

a small saw,

petrol.

He need not have been physically strong. The body was reduced to manageable chunks.

Some time between 8-45 pm on Tuesday the 14th of January and 2-45 am on the 15th, she was murdered.

The body was found in a vacant lot on the Wednesday morning. Her hair had been hennaed red.

A rose tattoo had been gouged out of the thigh. It was discovered by the autopsy deep within her.

The corpse was naked. It had been cut in half. No vital organs were damaged by the bisection, however.

It had been hung upside down and bled. The body was scrubbed clean ~ there was no blood.

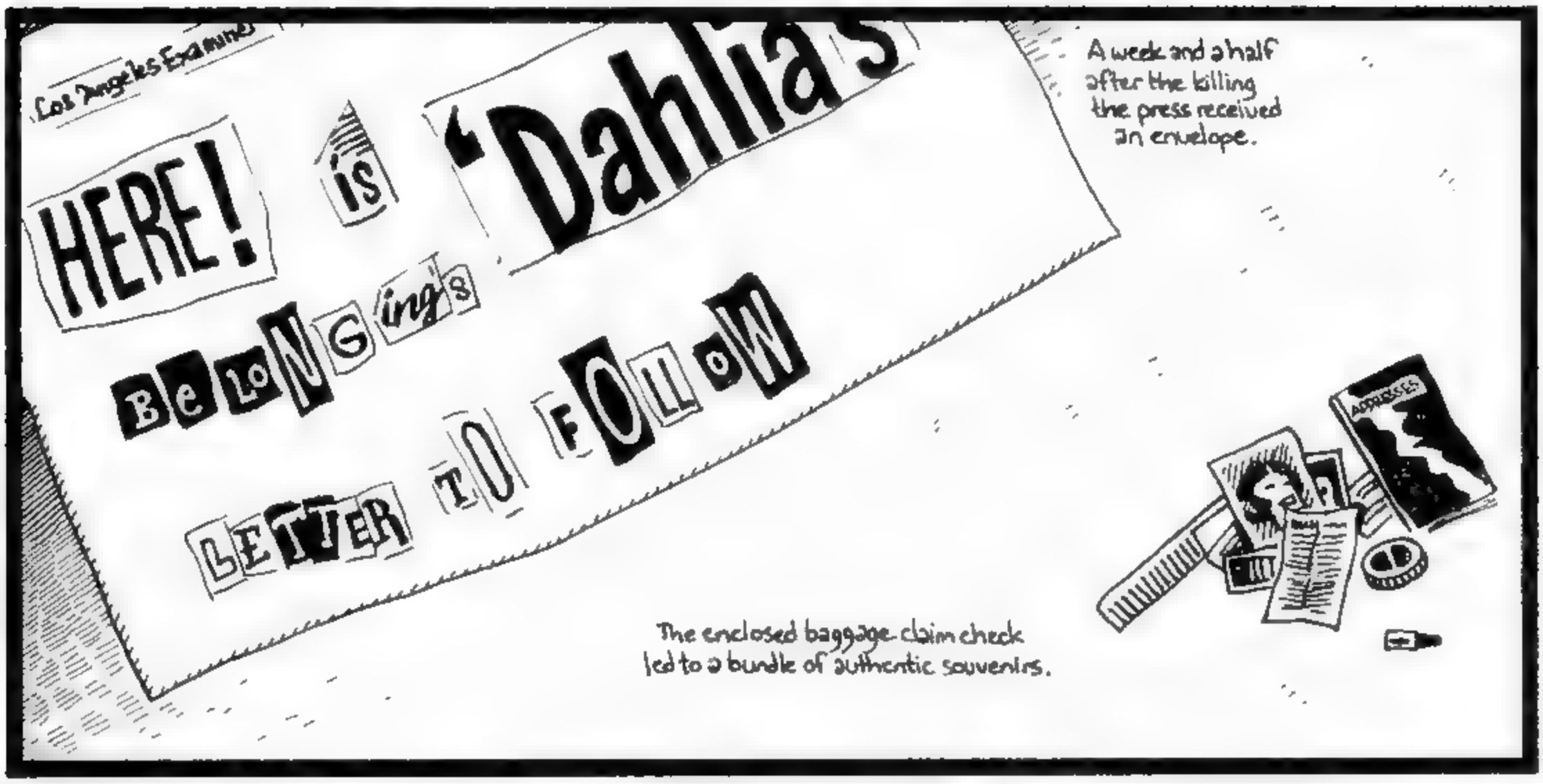
The head had been beaten to mush. It wore an ear-to-ear grin. The breasts were mutilated.

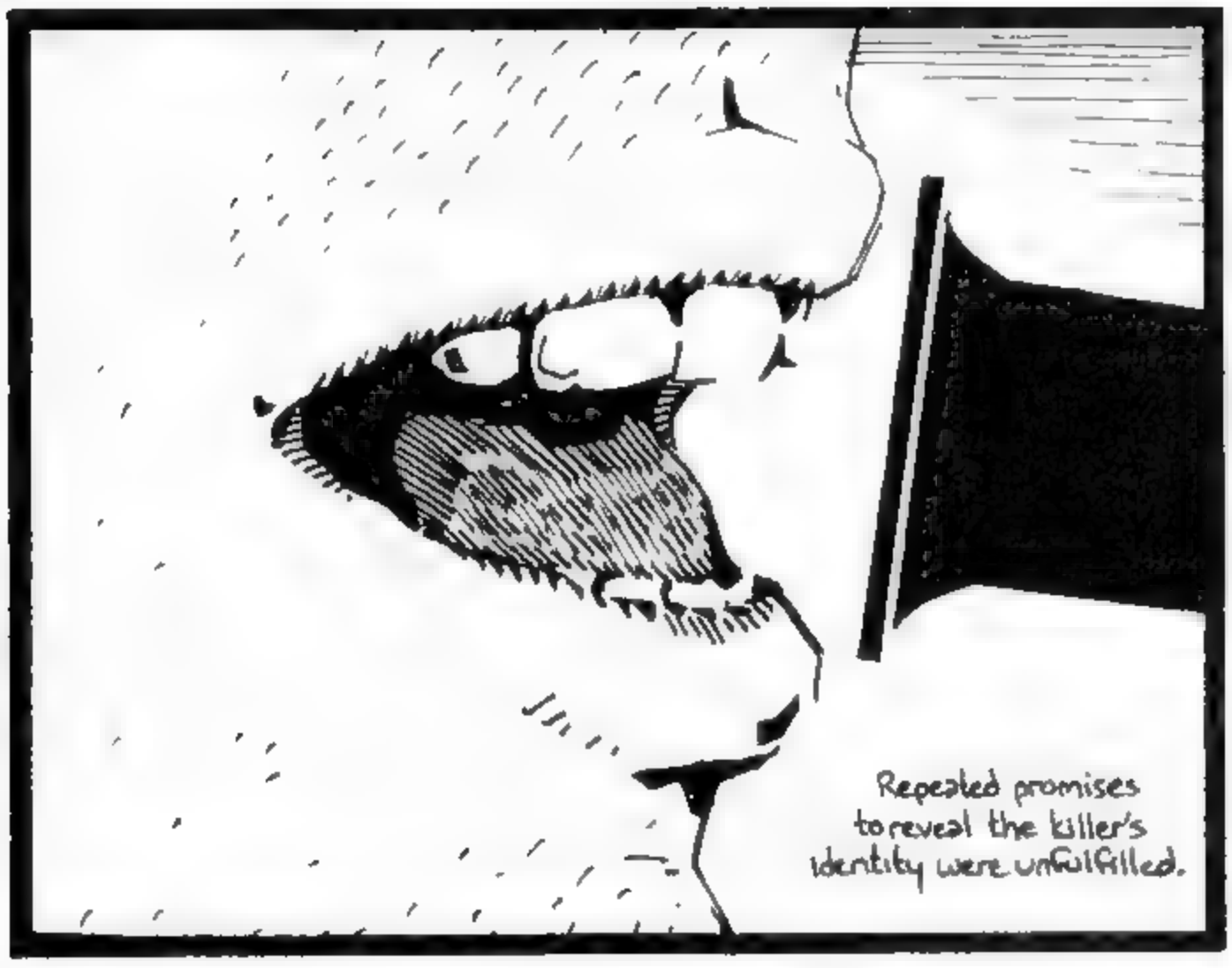
The deceased had been tied up and gagged. Cigarette burns and fetish nicks had been inflicted. New initials were carved into the thigh.

The postmortem revealed that most of the injuries had been inflicted before death. A torture period of 72 hours was estimated.

'Red' confessed, but was discounted as a suspect by the police.

In 1954 his wife had him committed to an asylum.


Los Angeles Examiner
HERE! is 'Dahlia's BeLoNGings LETTER TO FOLLOW
A week and a half after the killing the press received an envelope.
ADDRESS
The enclosed baggage claim check led to a bundle of authentic souvenirs.


Repeated promises to reveal the killer's identity were unfulfilled.

Some of these were pranks -good natured tomfoolery- but at least one was genuine.

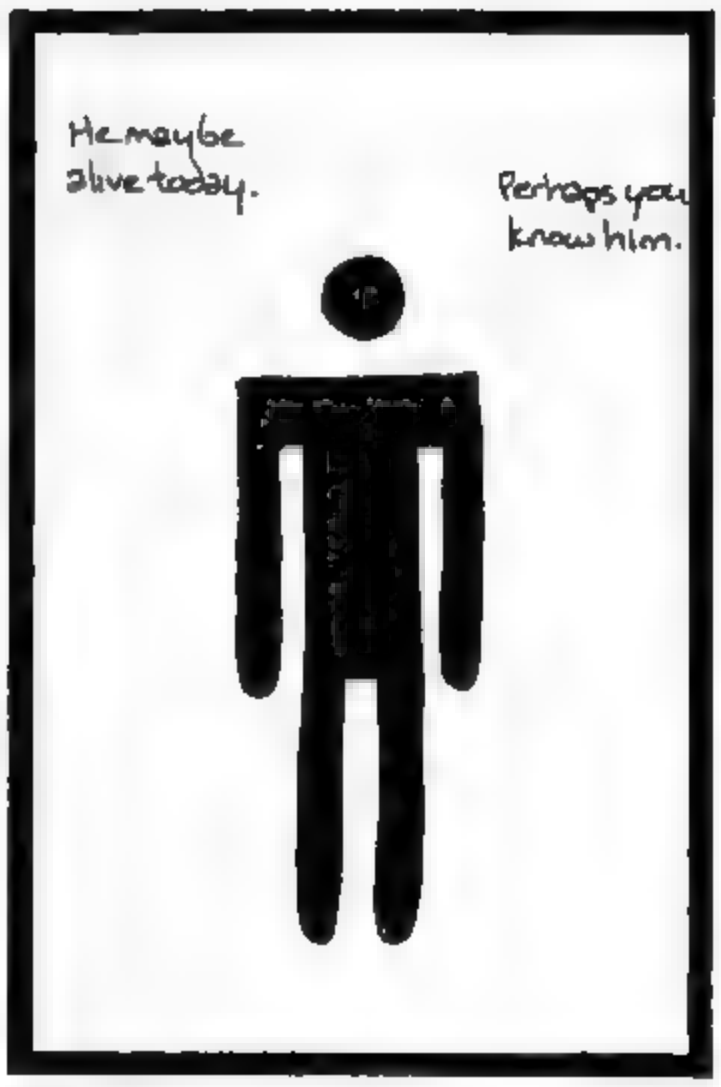
"I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled."

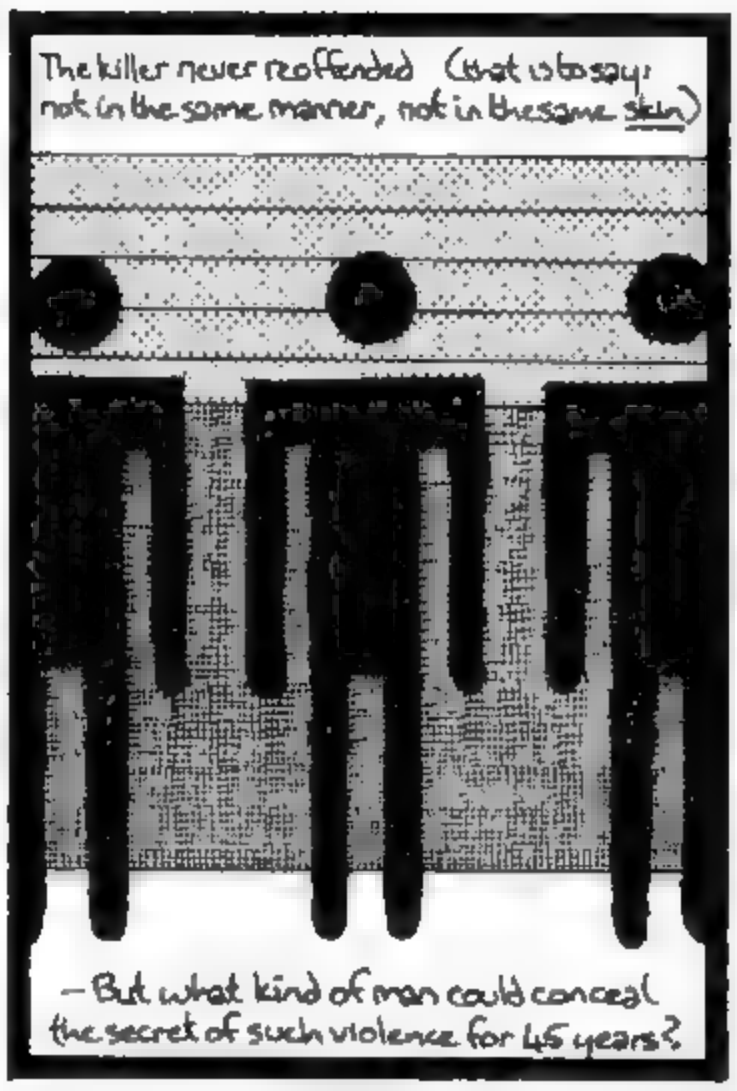
~ 'JACK THE RIPPER', 1888

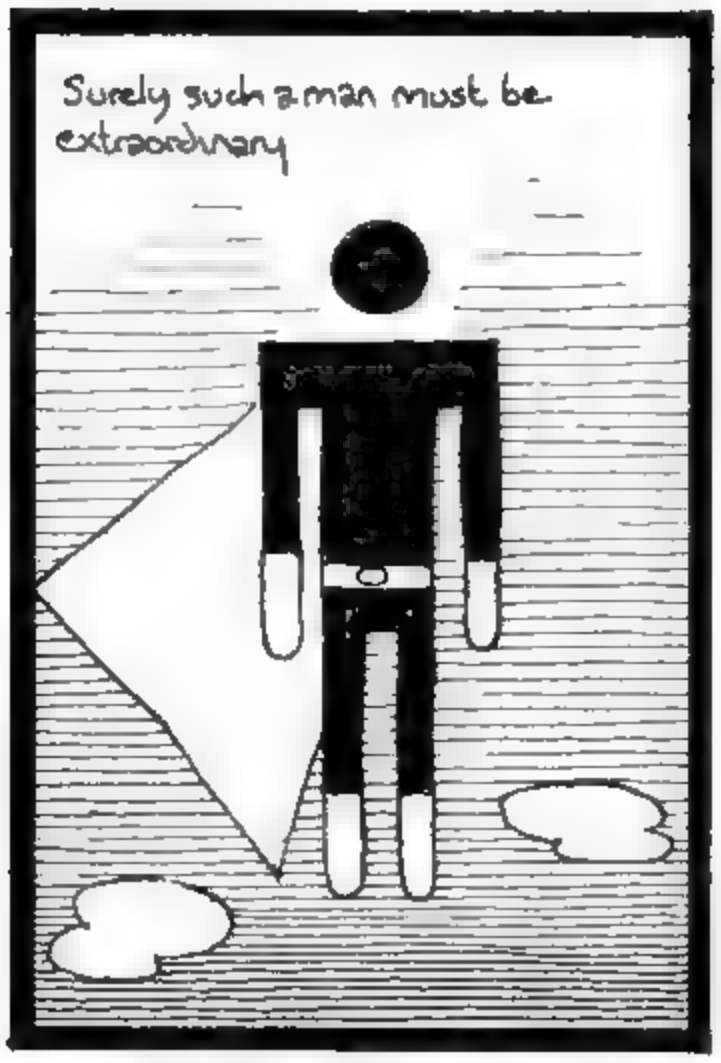
"Some of the victims were prostitutes, but perhaps the saddest part of this case is that some were not."

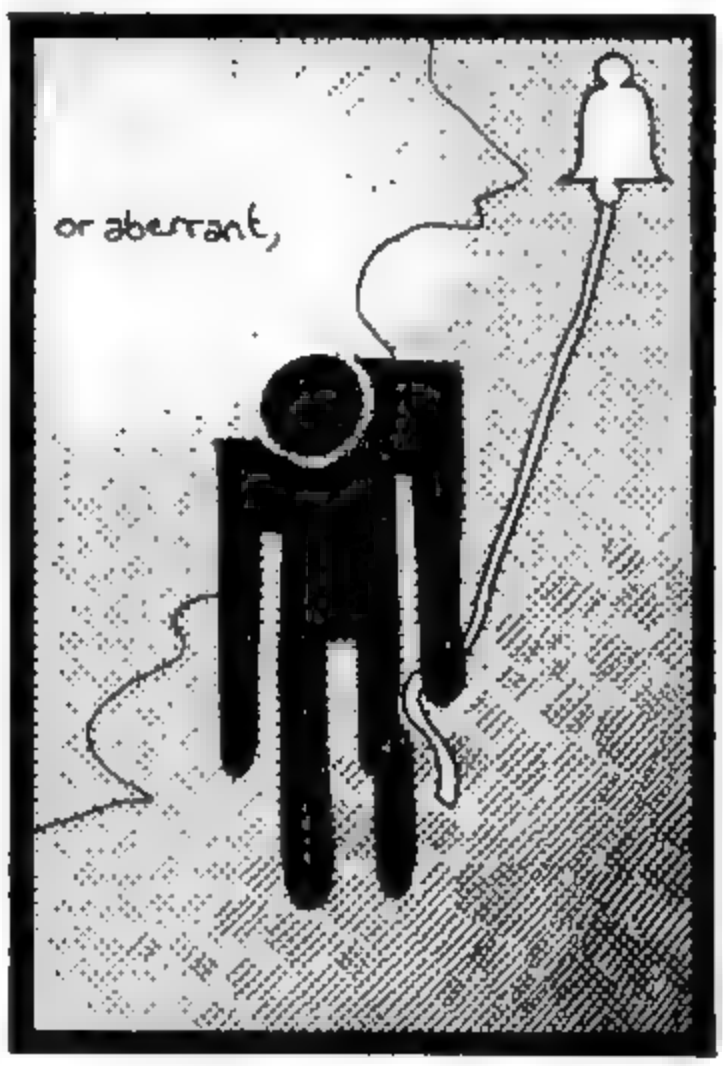
~ SIR MICHAEL HAVERS, PROSECUTING COUNSEL IN THE 'YORKSHIRE RIPPER' CASE, 1981

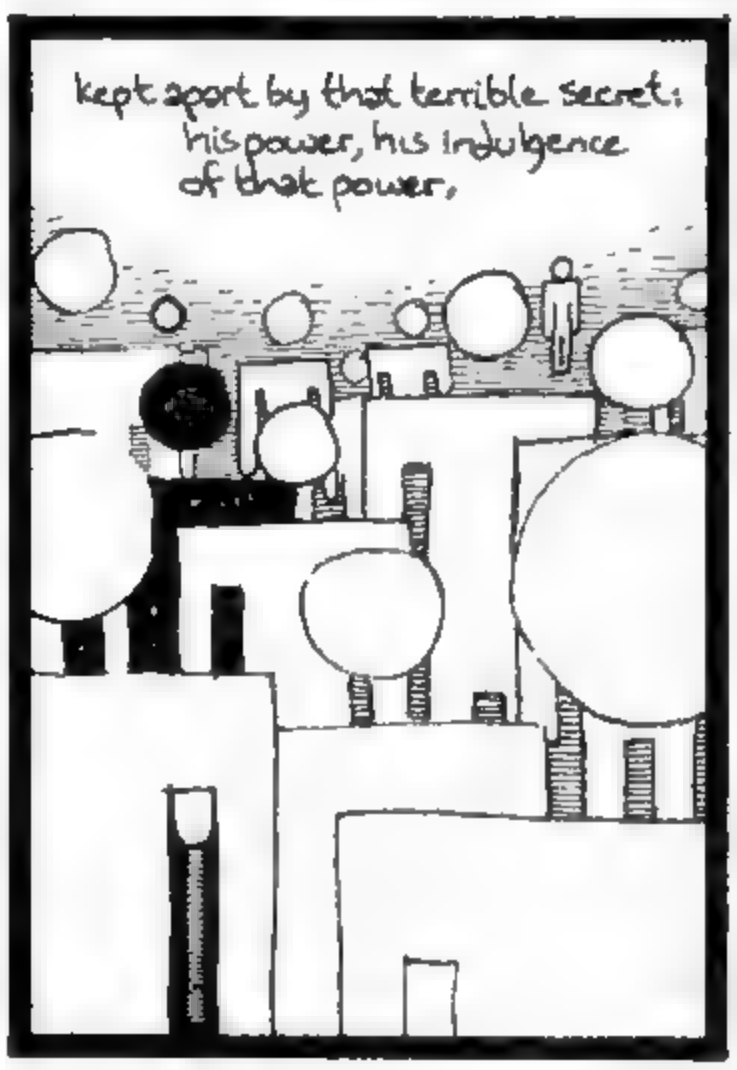
The killer was never found.
He was too clever for the police.

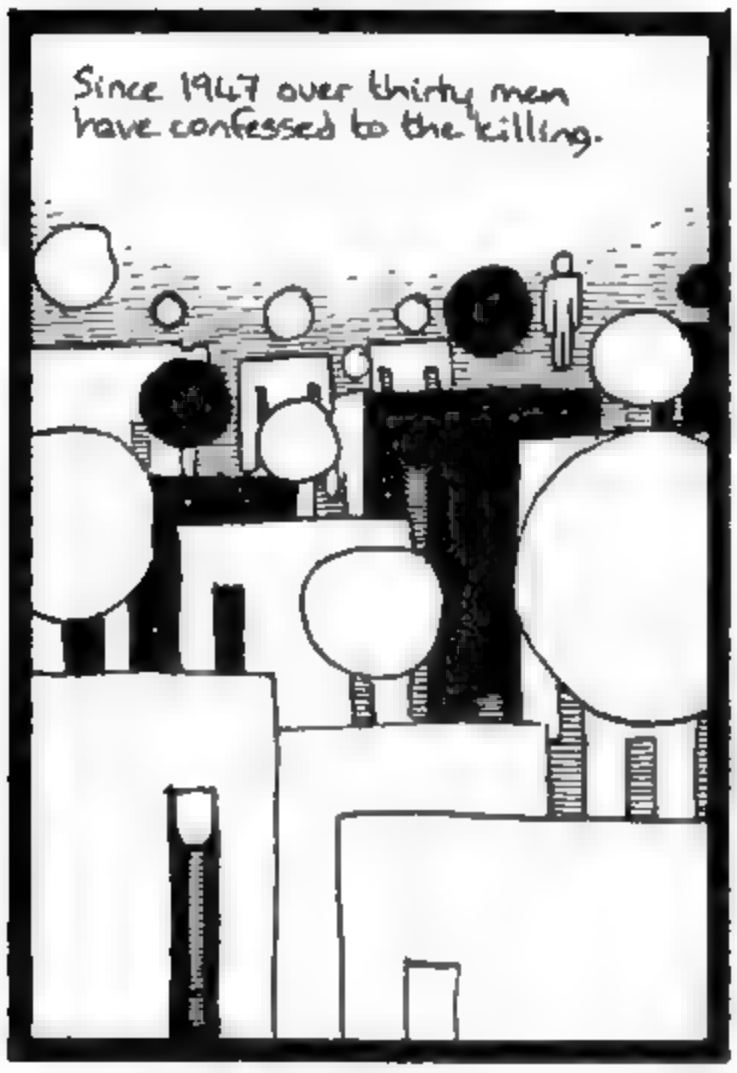

He maybe alive today.
Perhaps you know him.

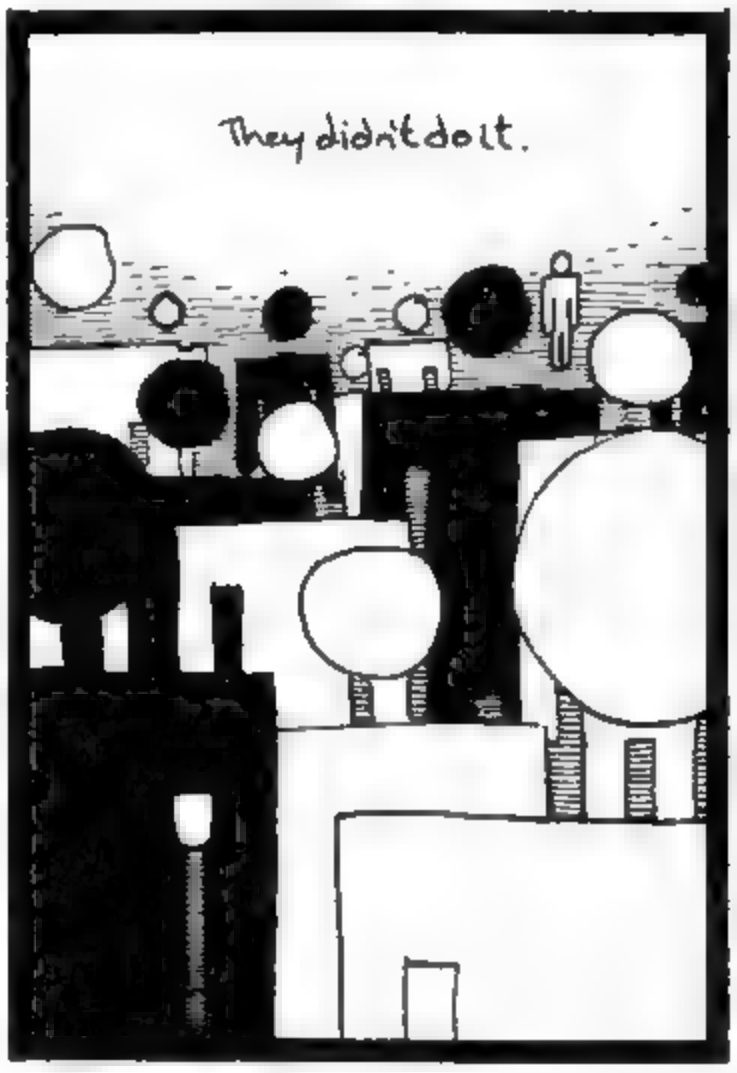

The killer never reoffended (that is to say: not in the same manner, not in the same skin)
—But what kind of man could conceal the secret of such violence for 45 years?

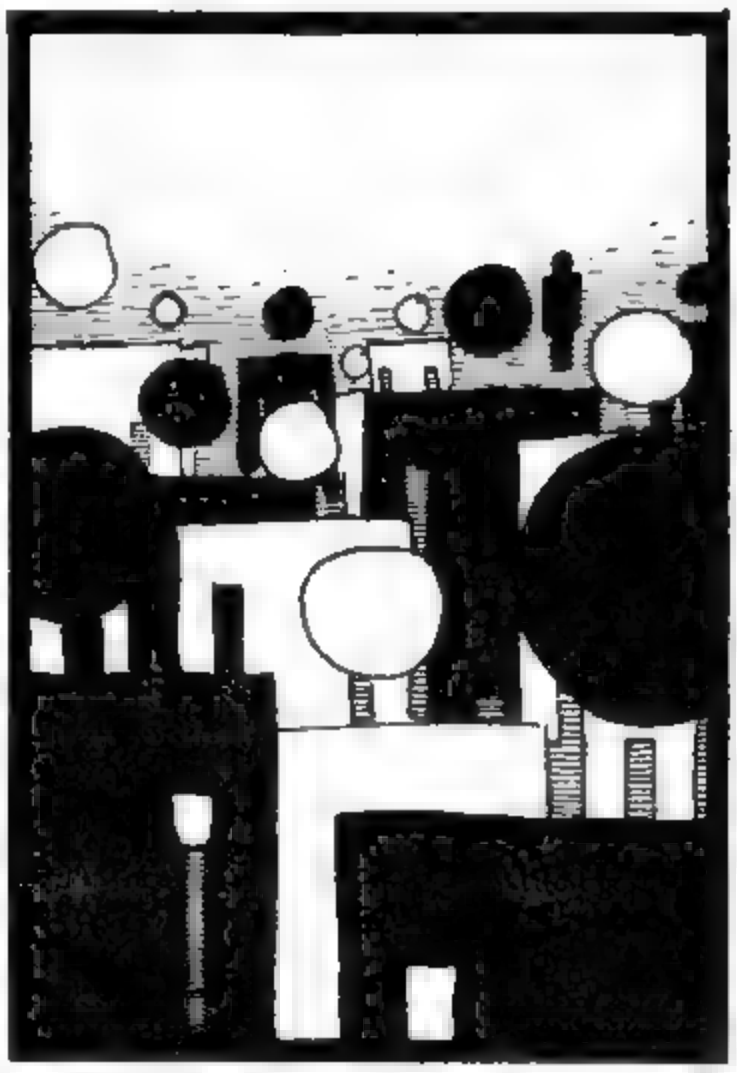

Surely such a man must be extraordinary


or aberrant,


kept apart by that terrible secret: his power, his indulgence of that power,


Since 1947 over thirty men have confessed to the killing.


They didn't do it.



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
The Redoubtable
TARQUIN

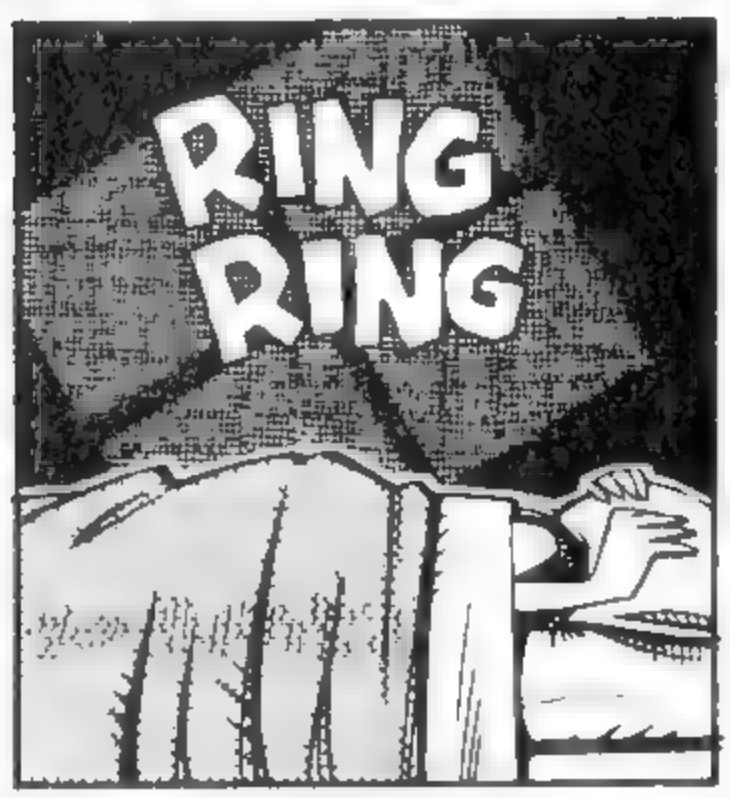
RING
RING

RING
RING

RING
RING

RING
RING

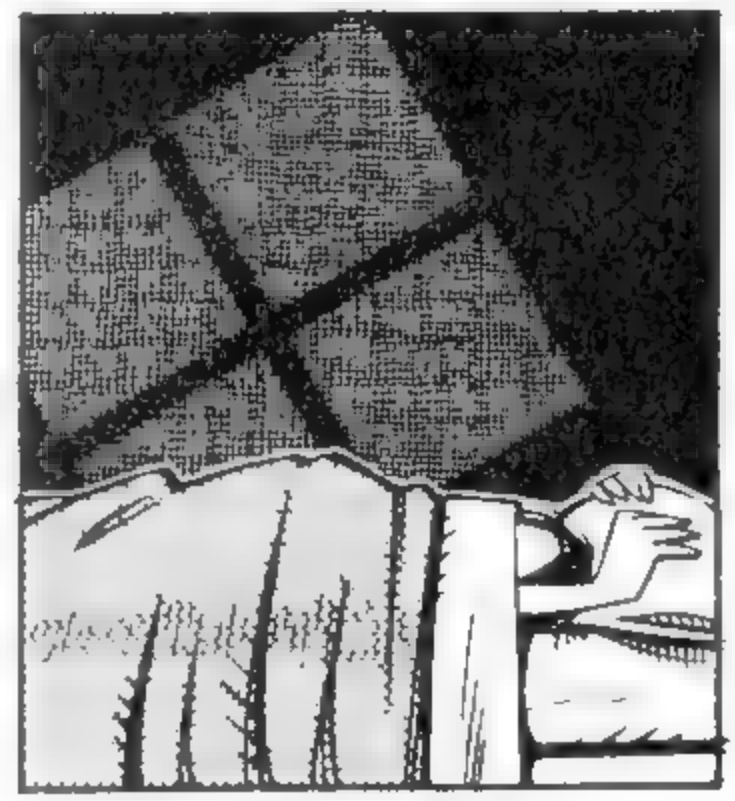
RING
RING


RING
RING

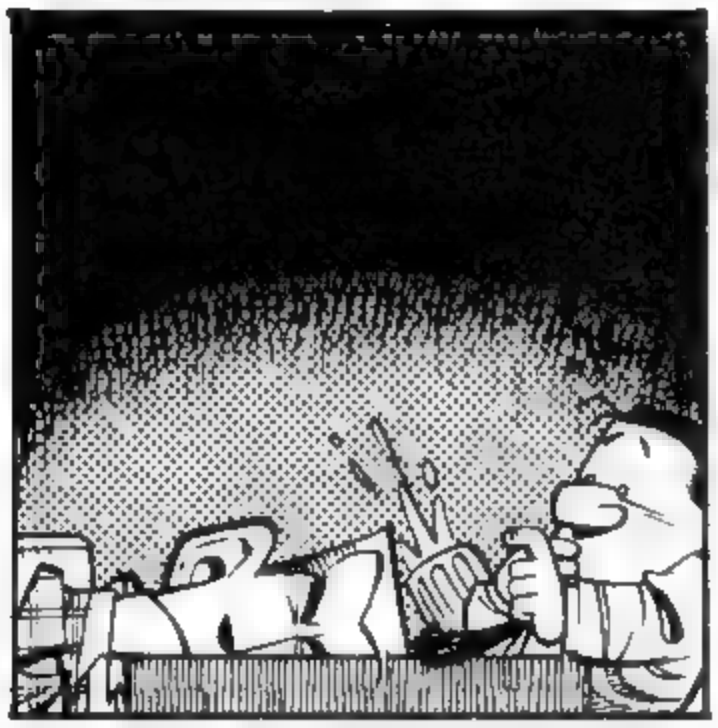
RING
RING

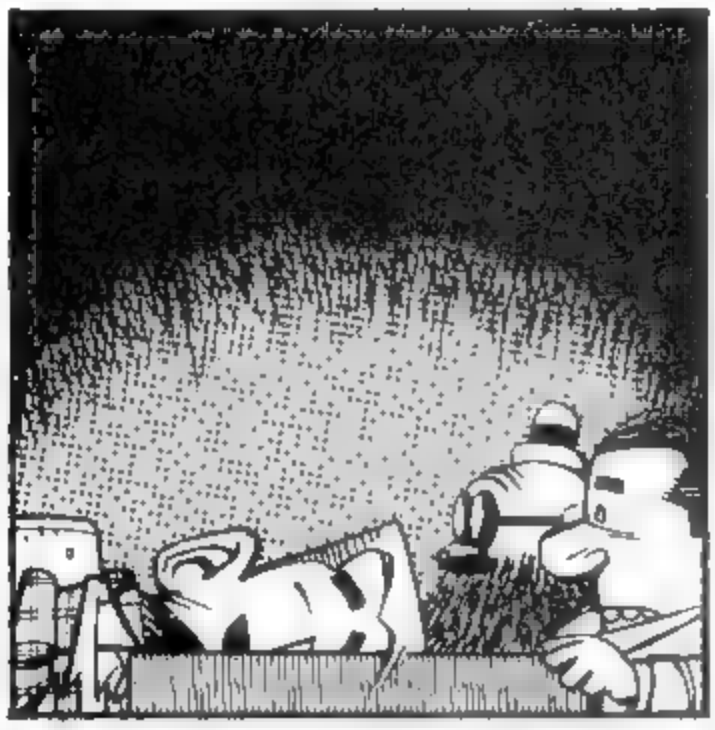
HELLO?

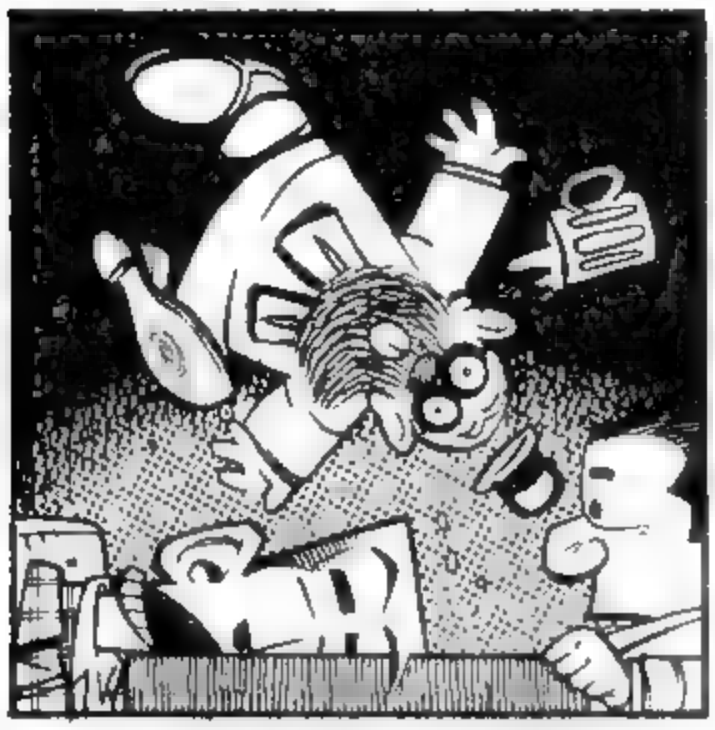
Oh My God I'm
So Embarrassed
:click:

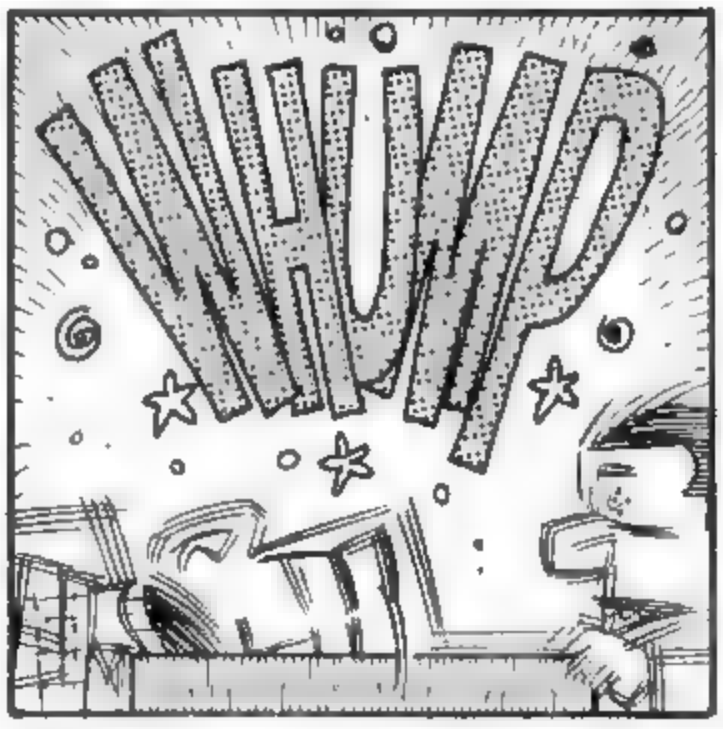


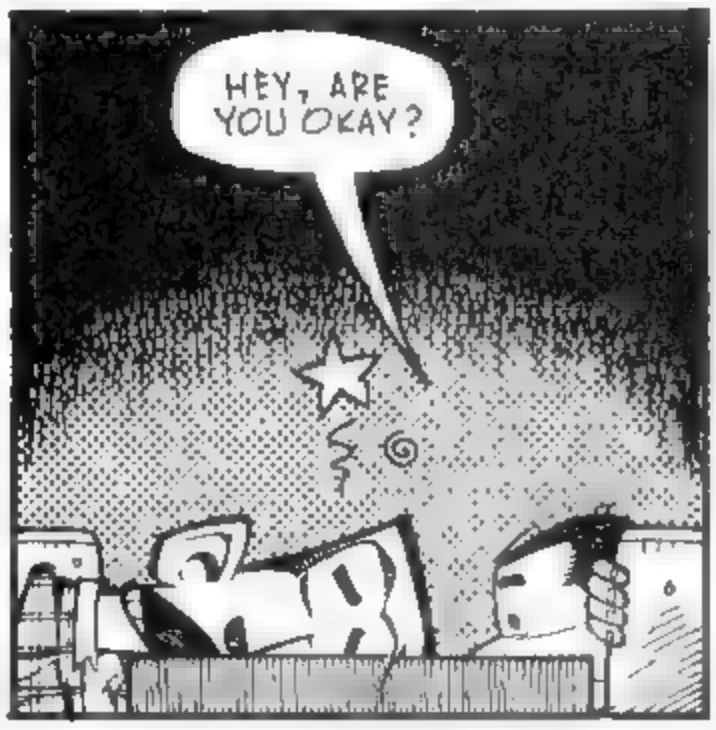
The JOURNEY HALFWAY 2

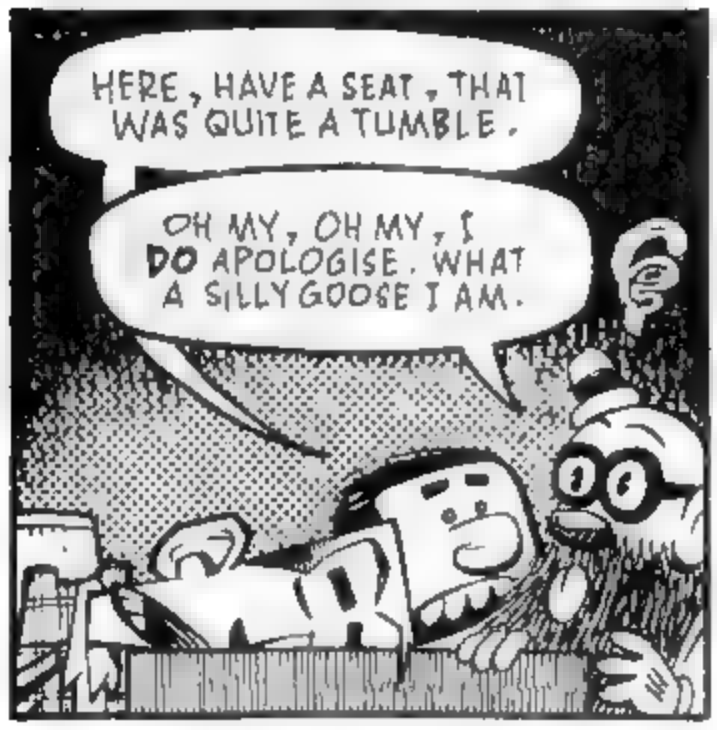




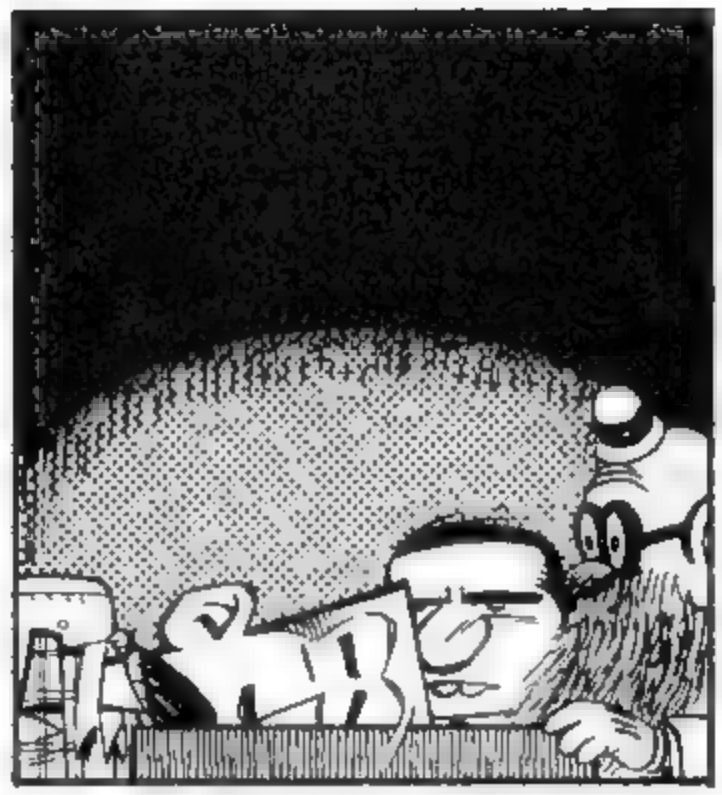








YOUR FRIEND. IS YOUR FRIEND, AH...
OH, HE'S JUST DEPRESSED, I EXPECT. TOUGH DAY. AND HE'S HAD A BIT TOO MUCH.



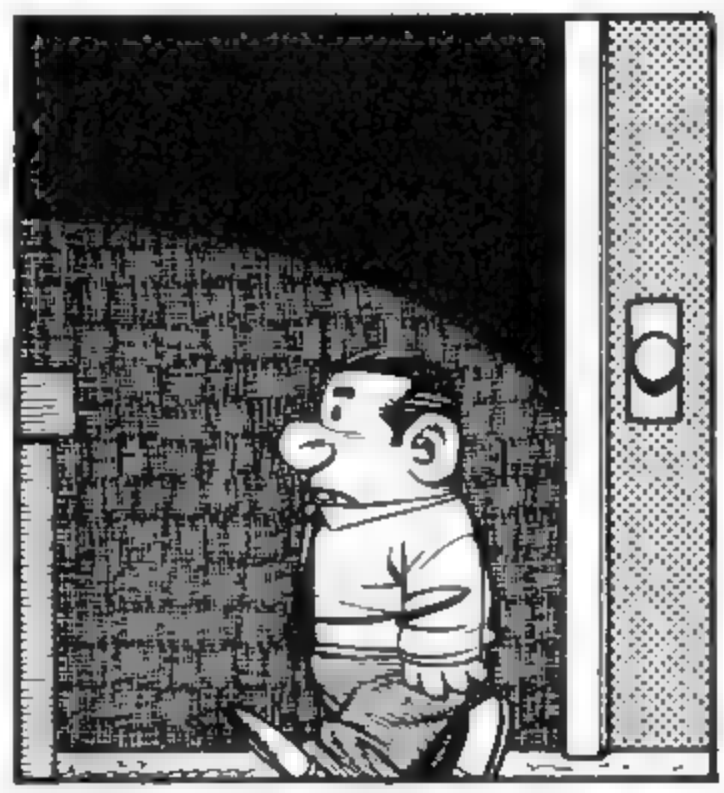
ACTUALLY, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I THINK HE'S FAKING IT, PLAYING FOR SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY? MMMNH? SYMPATHY? DO YOU REALLY THINK SO? HOW VERY INTERESTING. HOW REALLY VERY INTERESTING. I'M A PSYCHOLOGIST, YOU SEE. DEPRESSION, NEUROSIS, THAT'S RIGHT UP MY ALLEY. RIGHT UP MY ALLEY.

I HAVE A CARD IN HERE SOMEWHERE. IN HERE SOMEWHERE.
WELL, I'D BEST GET YOU YOUR ICE.

MY ICE?

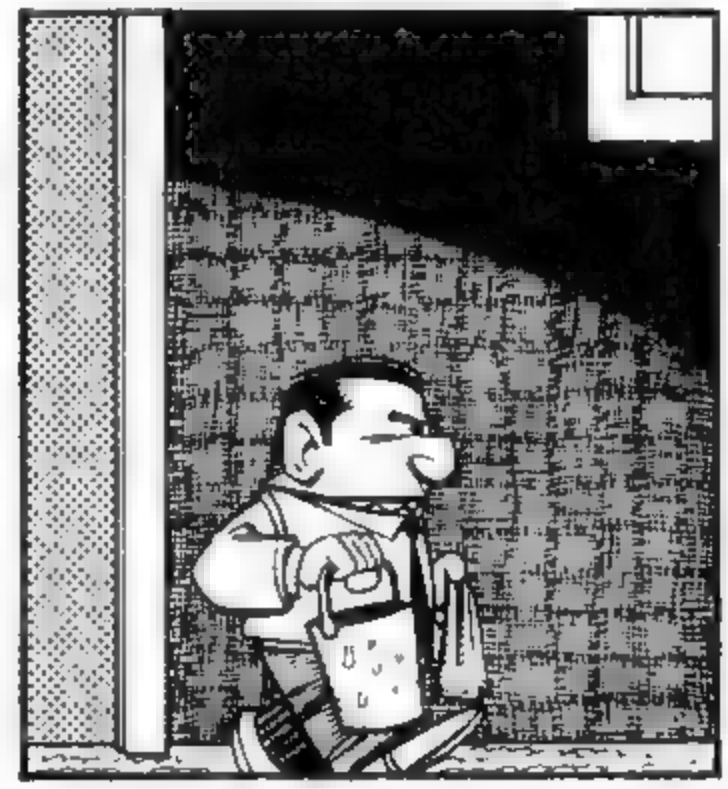
FOR YOUR FOOT, FOR THE SWELLING.
OH OF COURSE, FOR THE SWELLING. MY ICE. AH HA HA. MEANWHILE MAYBE I CAN HAVE A TALK WITH YOUR FRIEND, AH HA. AH HA HA HA.

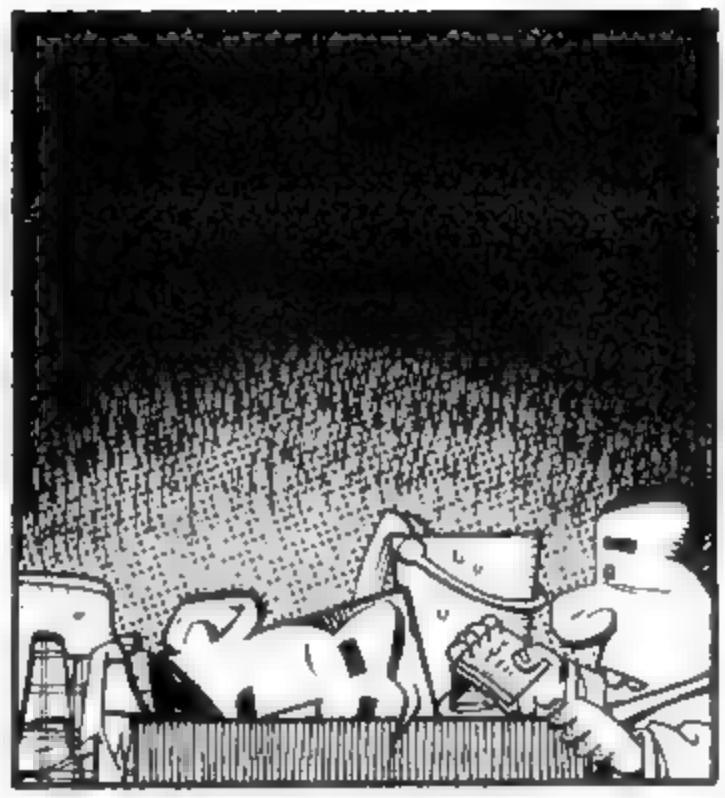


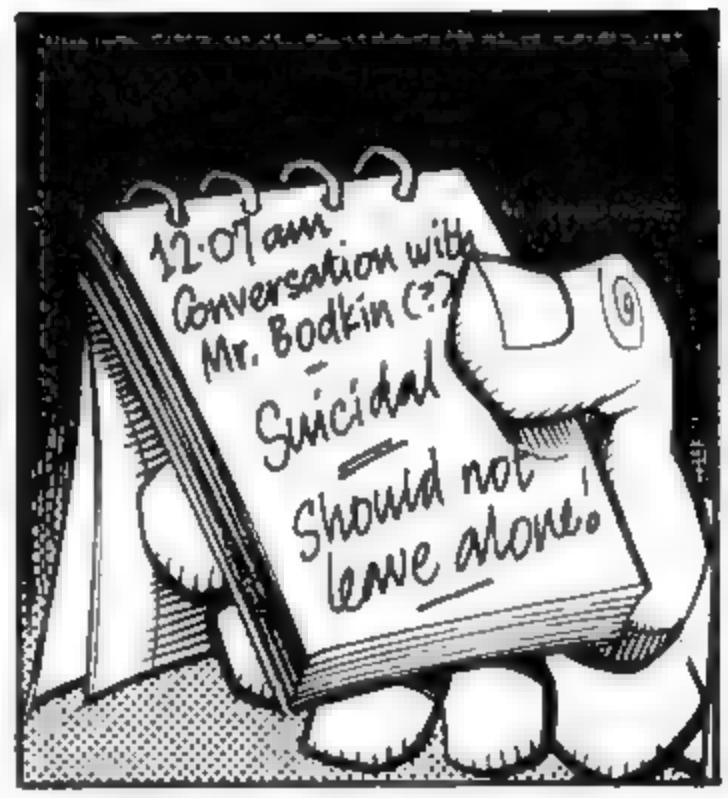
THERE'S A GUY OVER THERE SLIPPED AND FELL. DO YOU HAVE ANY ICE WE CAN PUT ON HIS ANKLE? FOR THE SWELLING.
OH, IS THAT WHAT ALL THAT CLATTER WAS ABOUT? I THOUGHT THE PLACE WAS FALLING DOWN AROUND MY EARS. WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME.

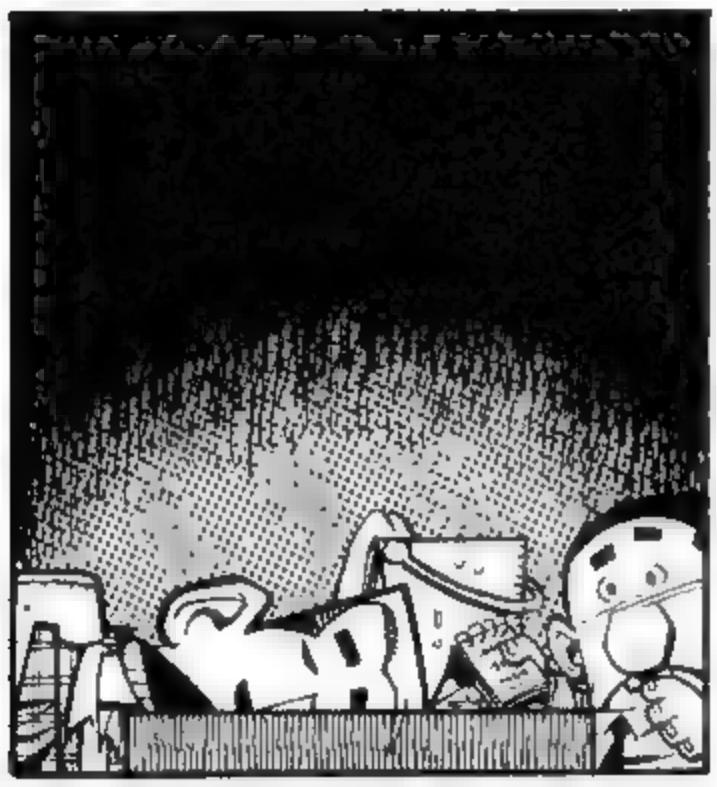
HERE, TAKE THIS BUCKET, AND HERE'S A WET TOWEL TO WRAP IT IN. I THINK I'VE GOT SOME OINTMENT AROUND BUT I'LL HAVE TO LOOK OUT THE BACK.
THIS'LL BE FINE FOR NOW, I'M SURE. IT WAS QUITE A FALL BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

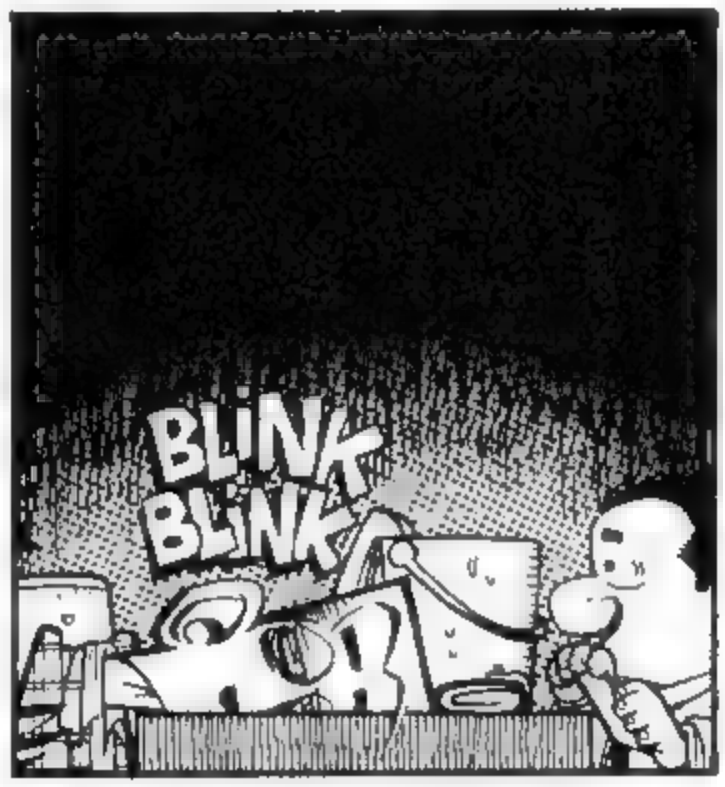
HE SURE AS HELL DIDN'T BRUISE HIS TONGUE.





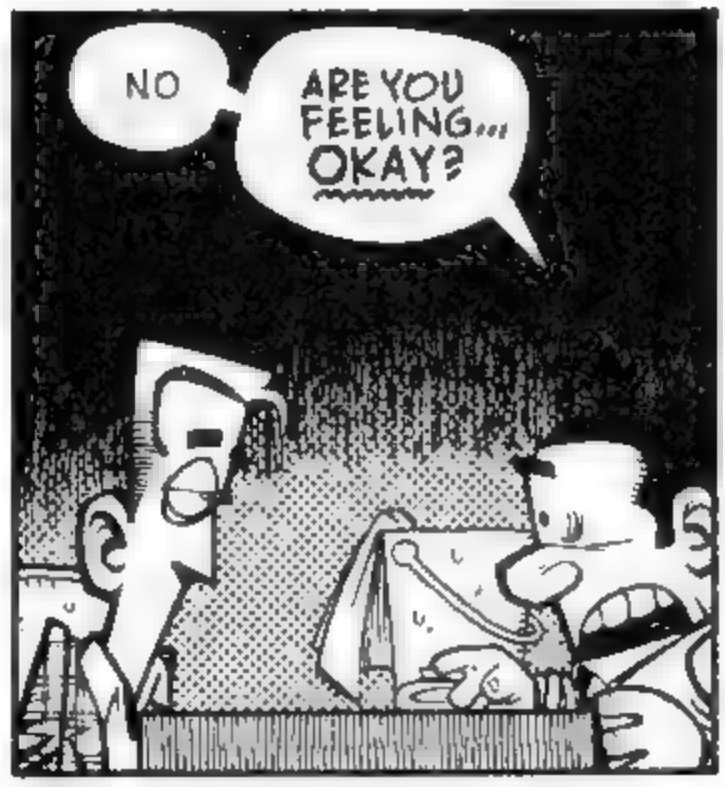

12:07 am
Conversation with
Mr. Bodkin (?)
Suicidal
Should not
leave alone!

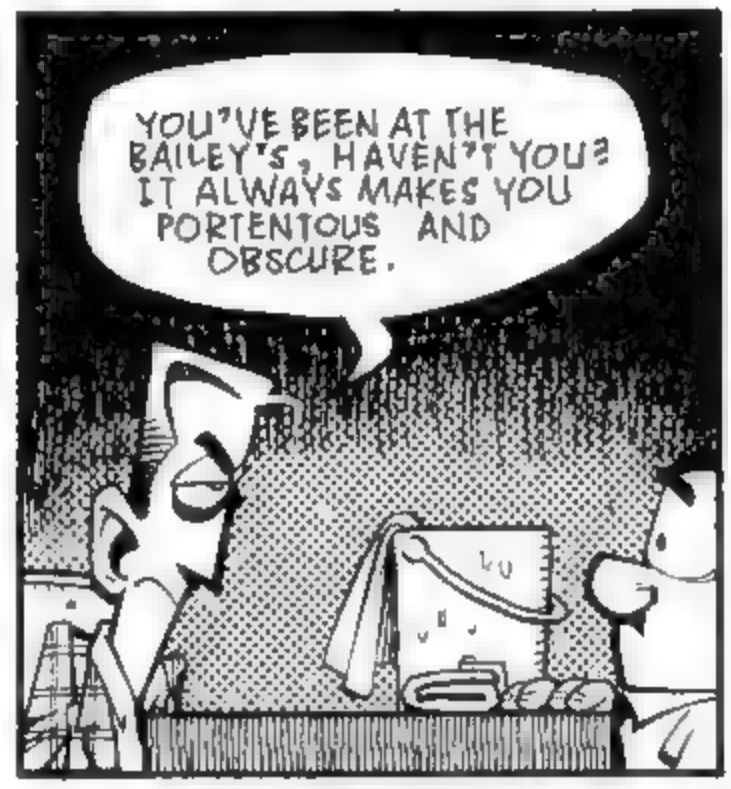


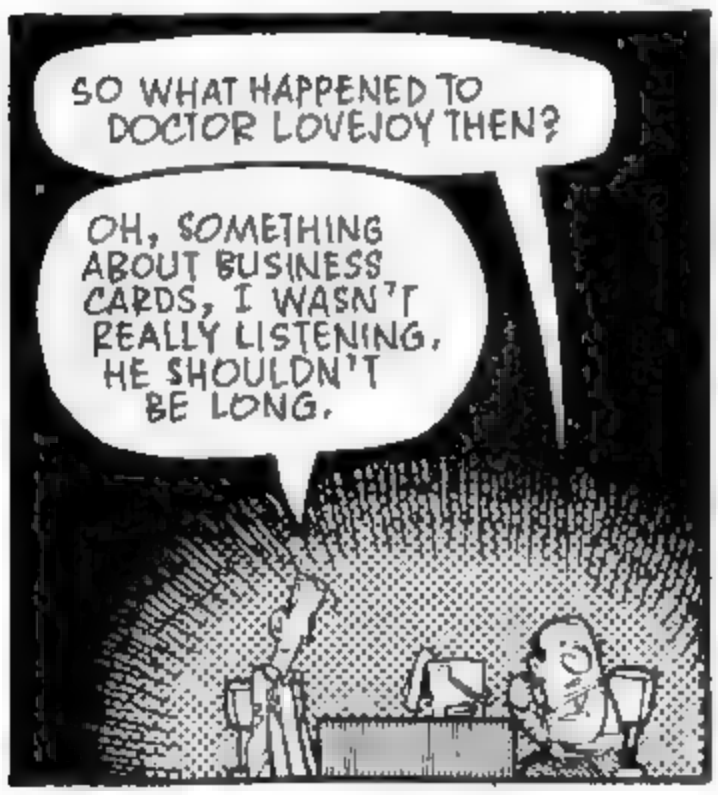

BLINK
BLINK

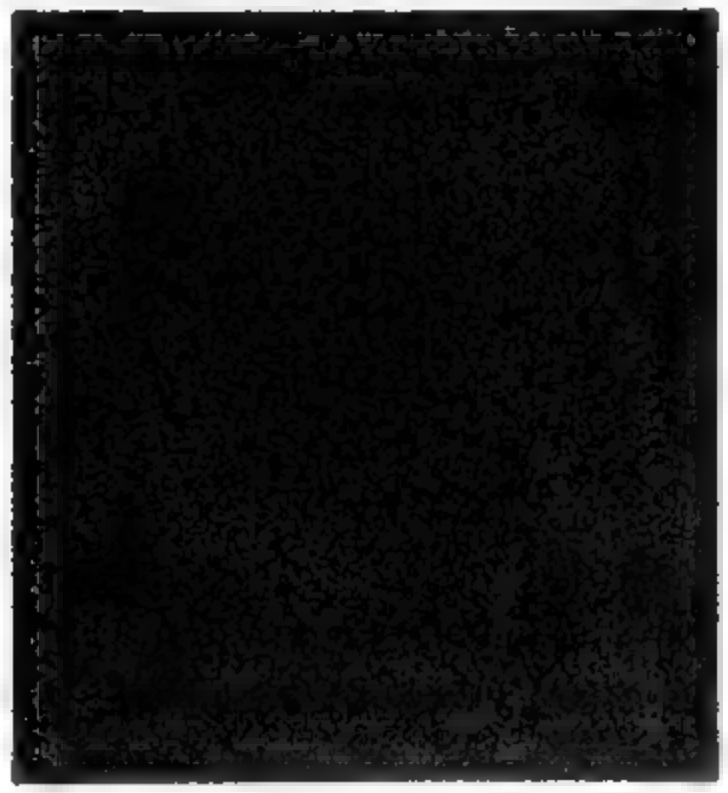
WHAT'S THE BUCKET OF ICE FOR?

ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?
YEAH, I'M FEELING OKAY...

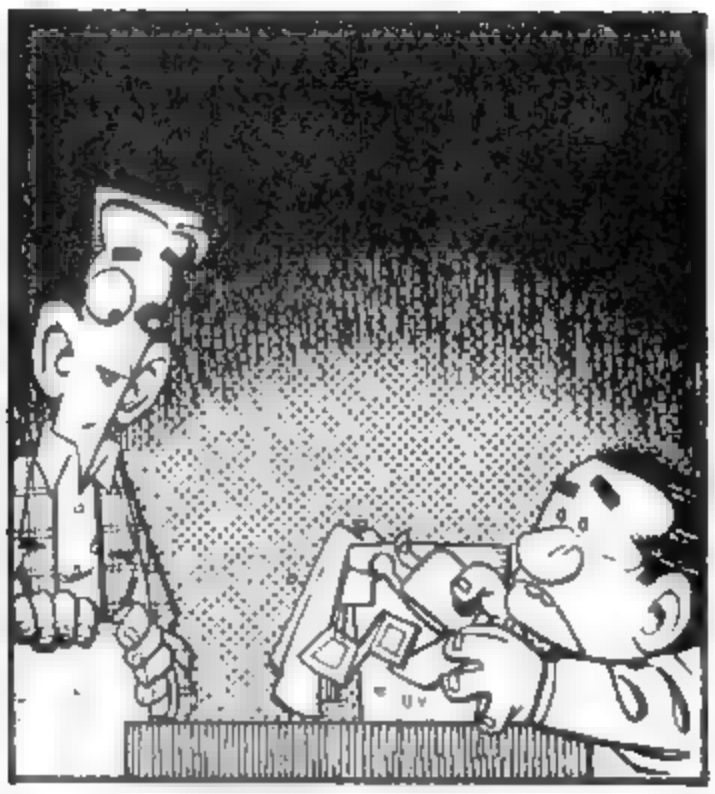

NO
ARE YOU FEELING... OKAY?

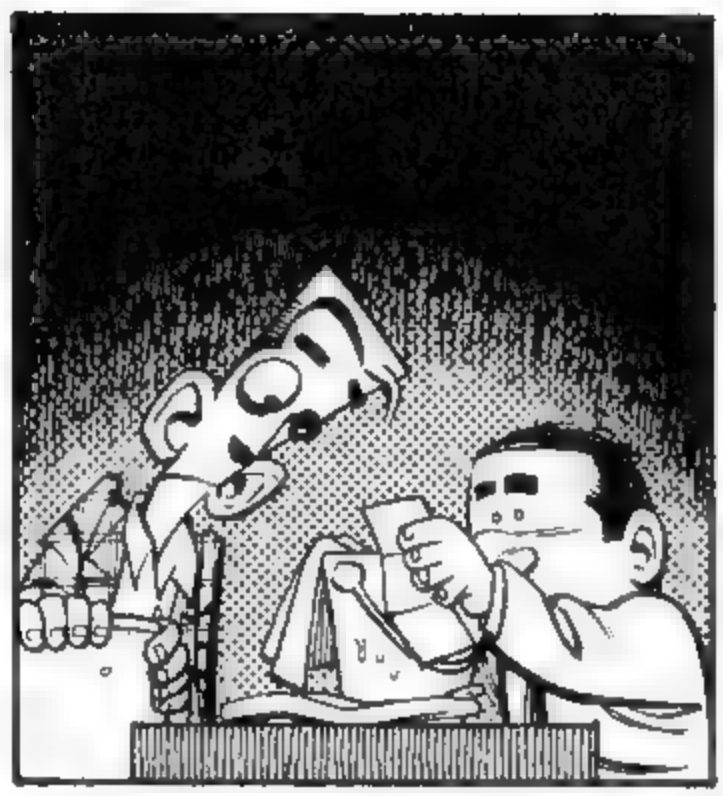

YOU'VE BEEN AT THE BAILEY'S, HAVEN'T YOU? IT ALWAYS MAKES YOU PORTENTOUS AND OBSCURE.


SO WHAT HAPPENED TO DOCTOR LOVEJOY THEN?
OH, SOMETHING ABOUT BUSINESS CARDS, I WASN'T REALLY LISTENING. HE SHOULDN'T BE LONG.

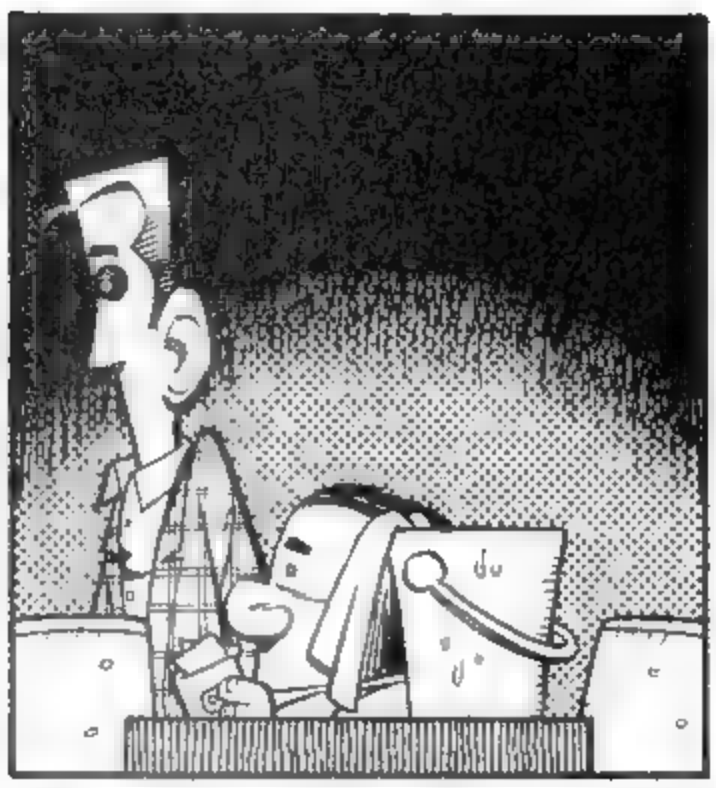


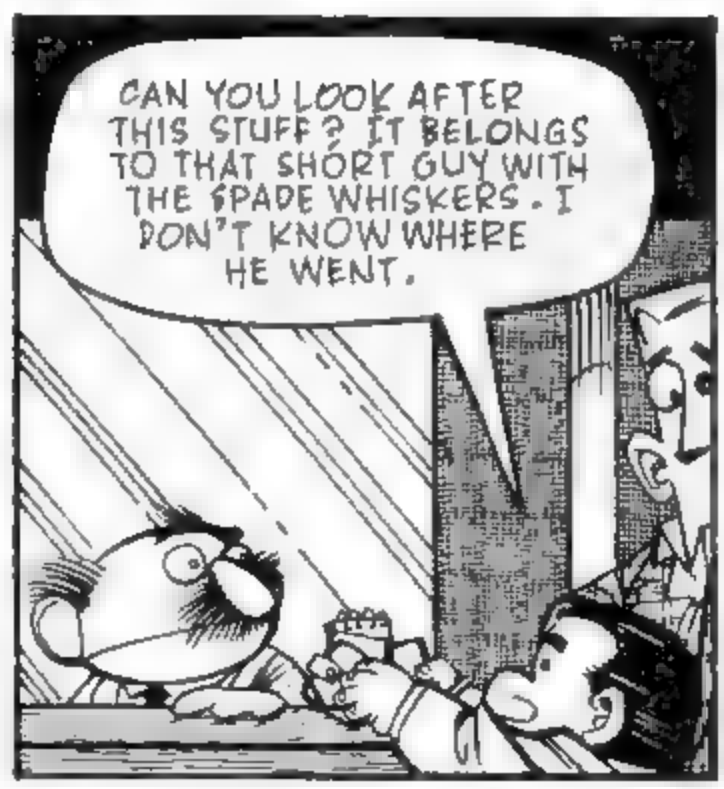
OKAY, MAYBE HE HAD TO GET THEM PRINTED OR SOMETHING.
WELL, WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LEAVE HIS STUFF WITH THE BARTENDER.



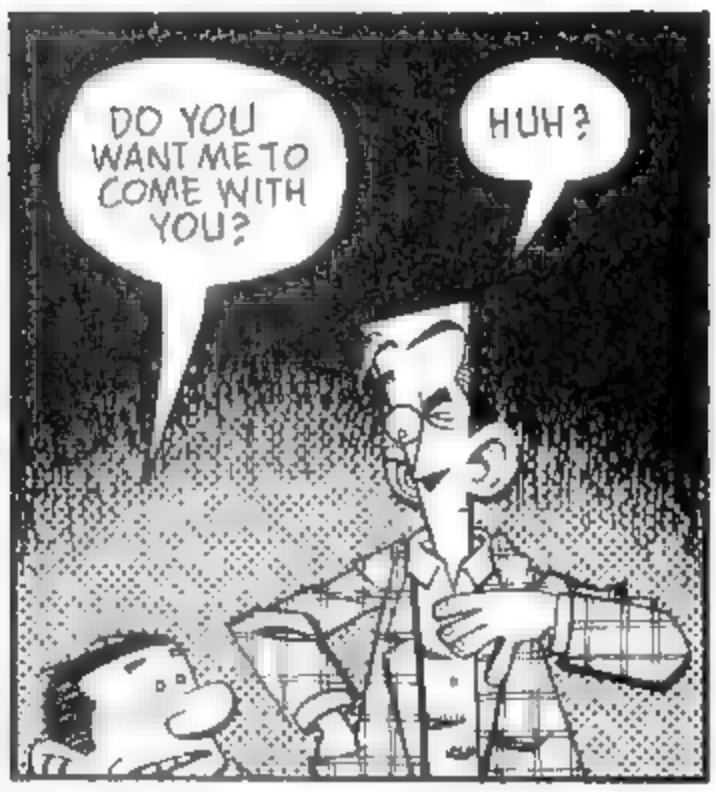


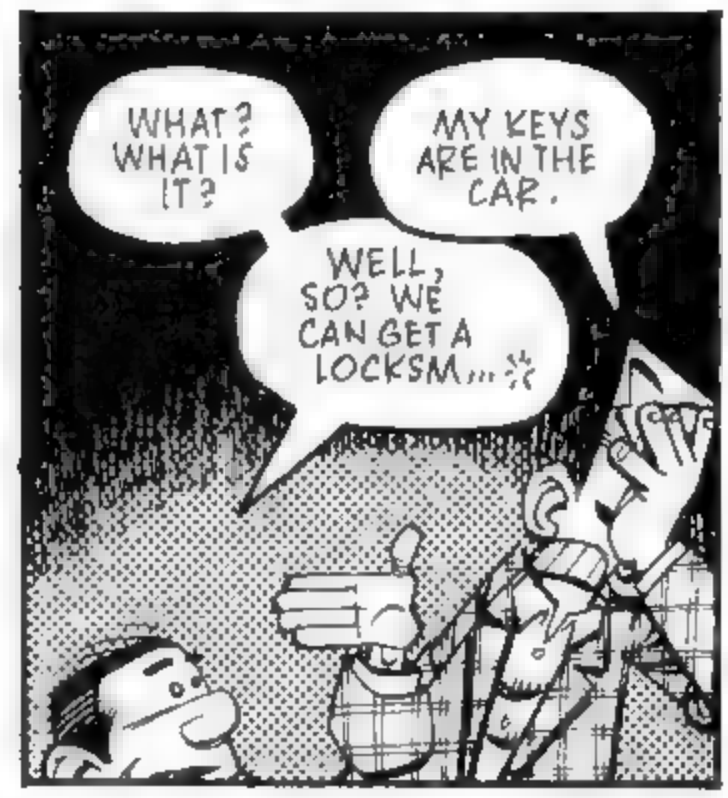
THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THE SAME PERSON. WHAT A WEIRD FAMILY.
OUR BABY BOY
FATHER AT BOWLS

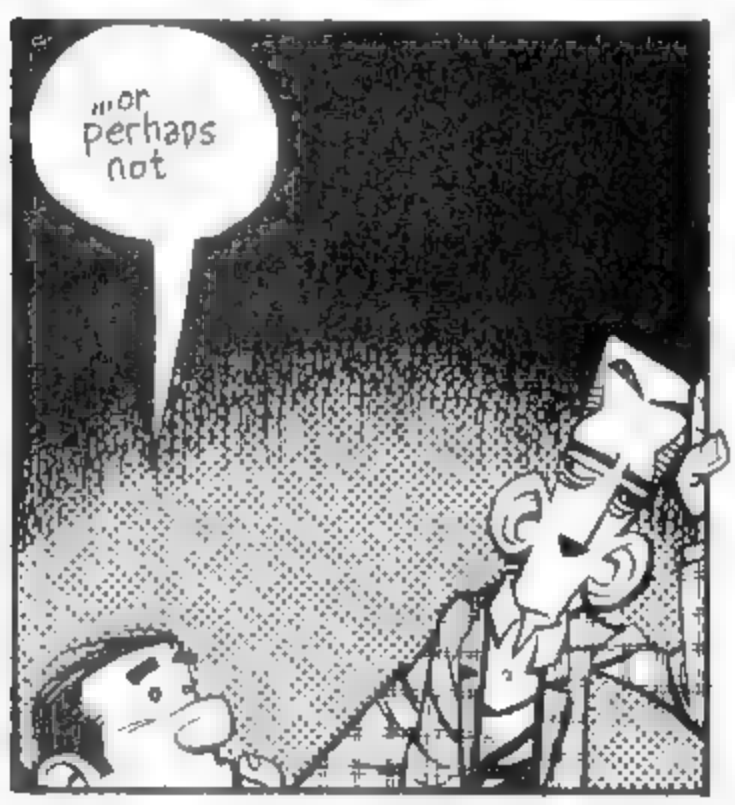



CAN YOU LOOK AFTER THIS STUFF? IT BELONGS TO THAT SHORT GUY WITH THE SPADE WHISKERS. I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT.

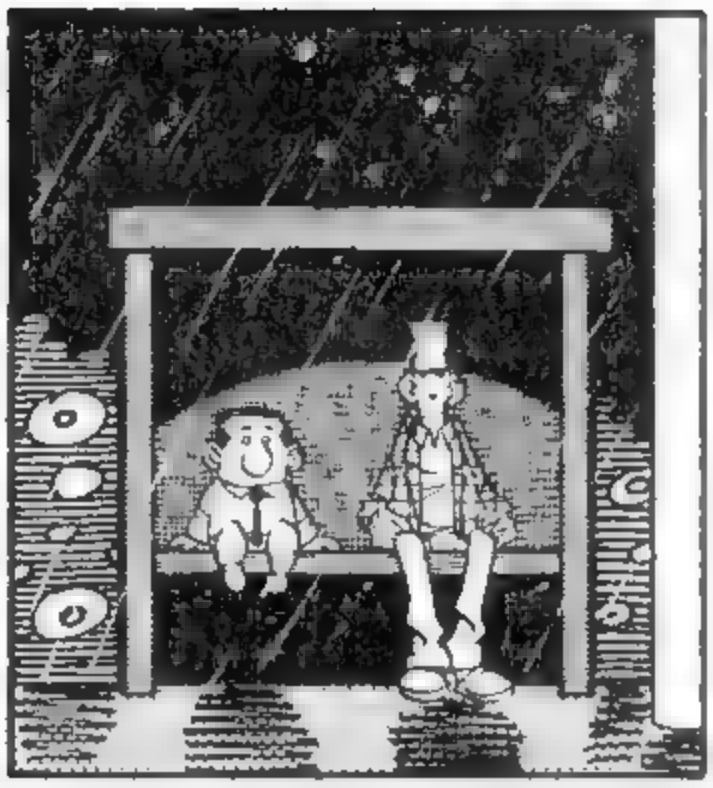
SO, AH, DO YOU WANT TO GO HOME NOW?
YEAH, I JUST...


DO YOU WANT ME TO COME WITH YOU?
HUH?

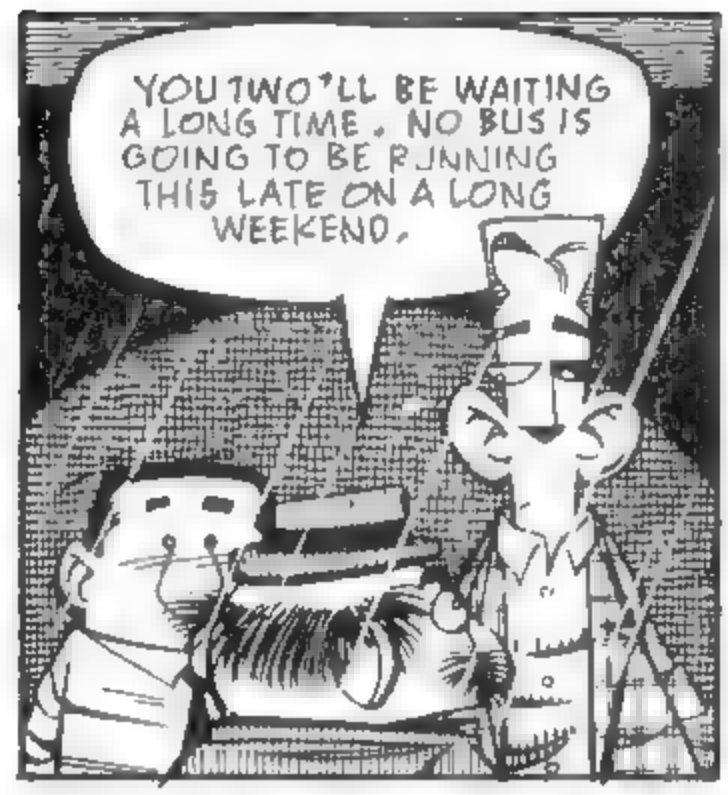

WHAT? WHAT IS IT?
MY KEYS ARE IN THE CAR.
WELL, SO? WE CAN GET A LOCKSM...


...or perhaps not

WELL, YOU COULD COME BACK TO MY PLACE. THERE'S A BUS AT 1:10, WE CAN STILL MAKE IT IF WE HURRY.



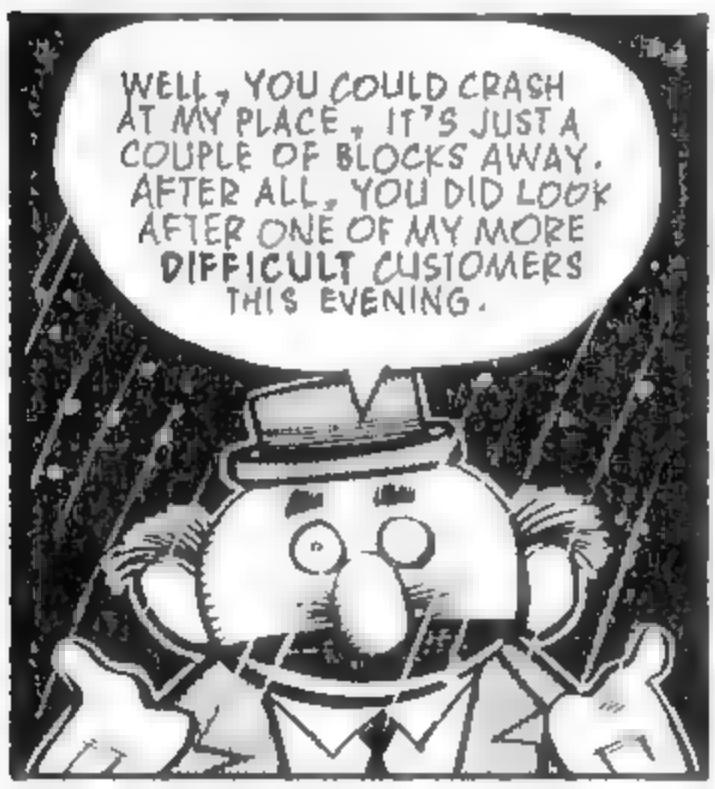
FUNNY, IT'S NOT USUALLY THIS LATE.


YOU TWO'LL BE WAITING A LONG TIME. NO BUS IS GOING TO BE RUNNING THIS LATE ON A LONG WEEKEND.

WHAT ABOUT A CAB? I'M SKINT, HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH FOR A CAB?

I'VE ONLY GOT TWO OR THREE DOLLARS.

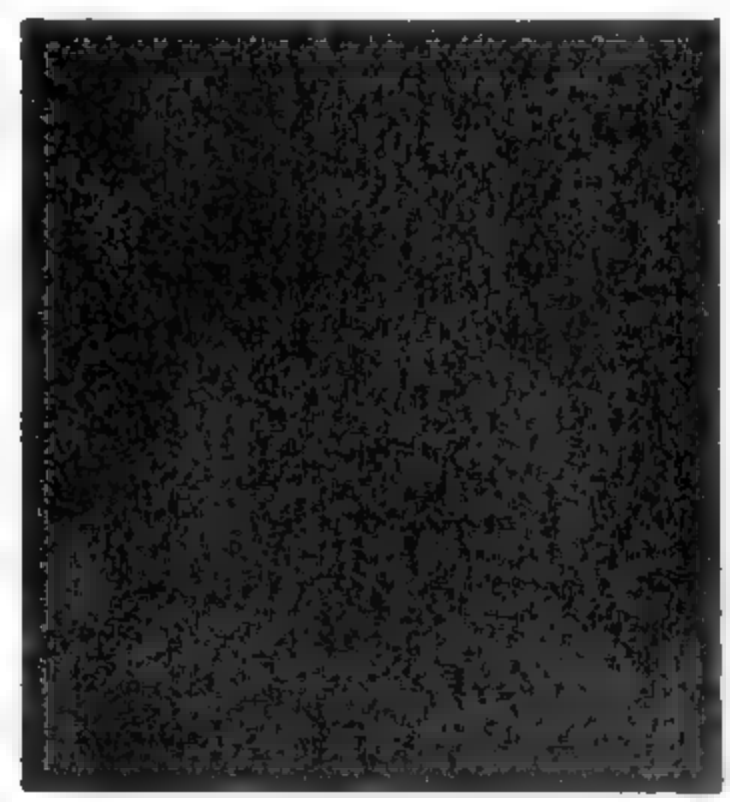
I'VE GOT THIS BUT THEY CLOSE AT ELEVEN...
AUGHH


WELL, YOU COULD CRASH AT MY PLACE, IT'S JUST A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY. AFTER ALL, YOU DID LOOK AFTER ONE OF MY MORE DIFFICULT CUSTOMERS THIS EVENING.

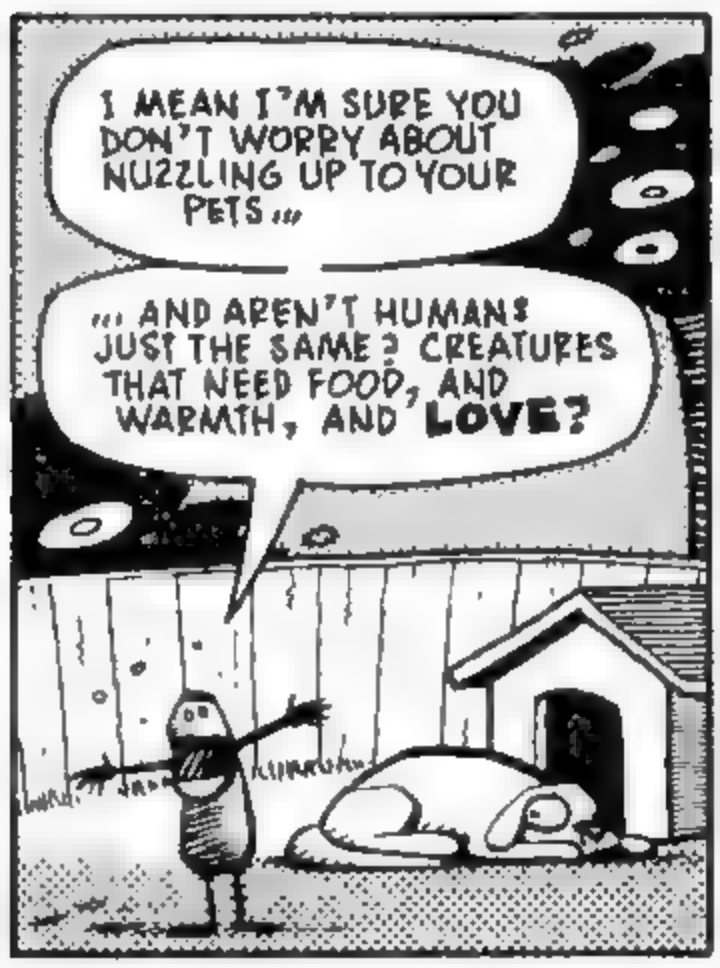
WELL... OKAY... I GUESS.
I GUESS WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH CHOICE.

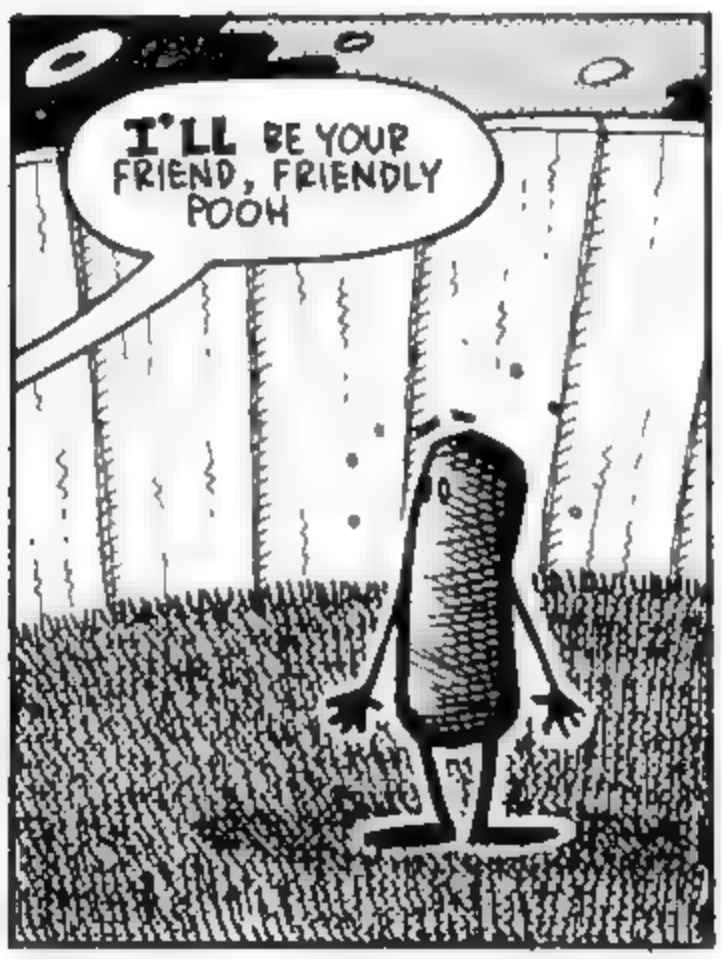
WHAT A DAY, WHAT A DAY! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME TODAY...

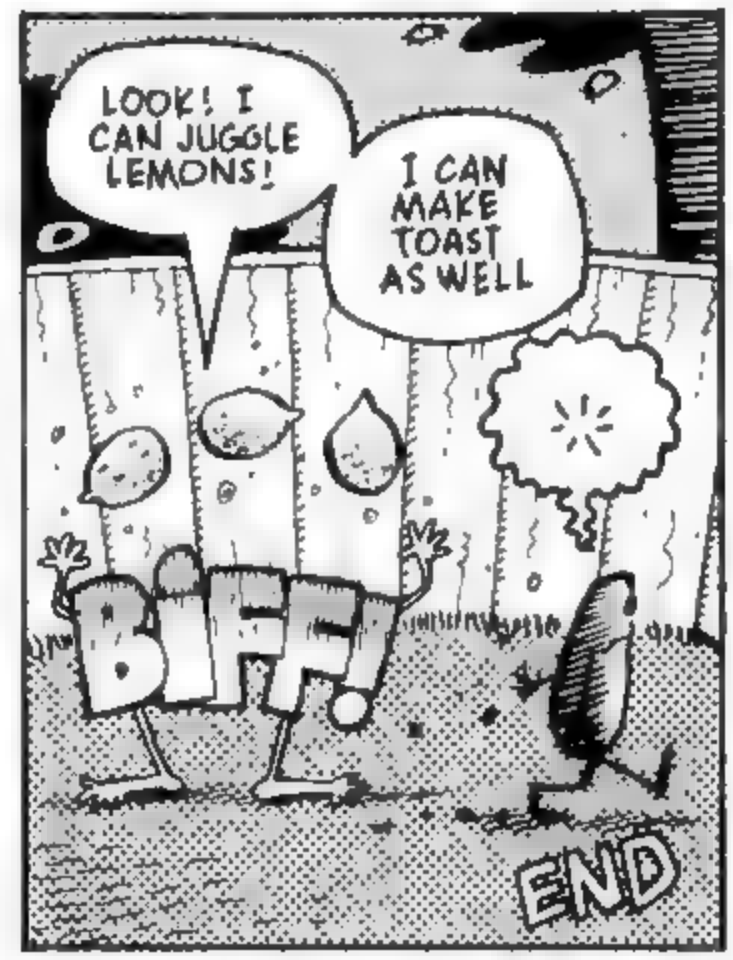
YESTERDAY,
YESTERDAY...



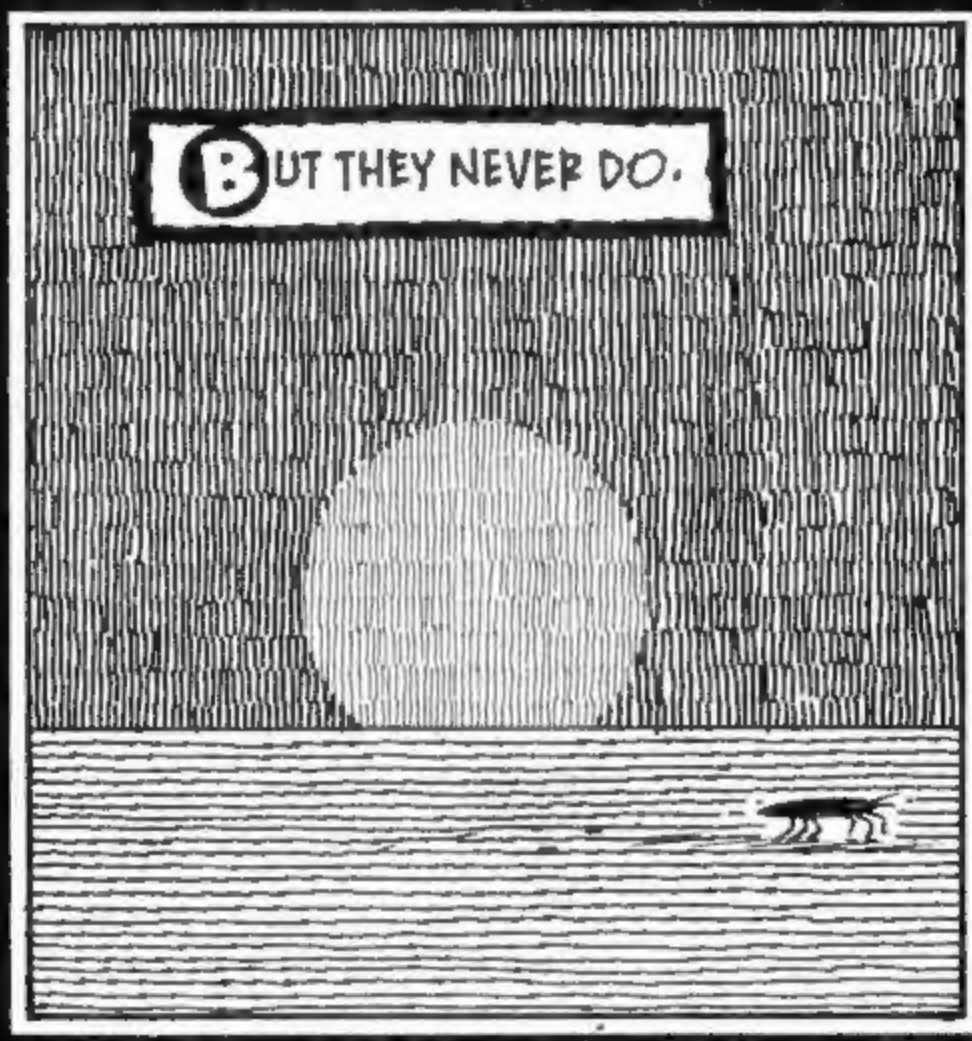
THE FRIENDLY POOH WITH SAD BIFF

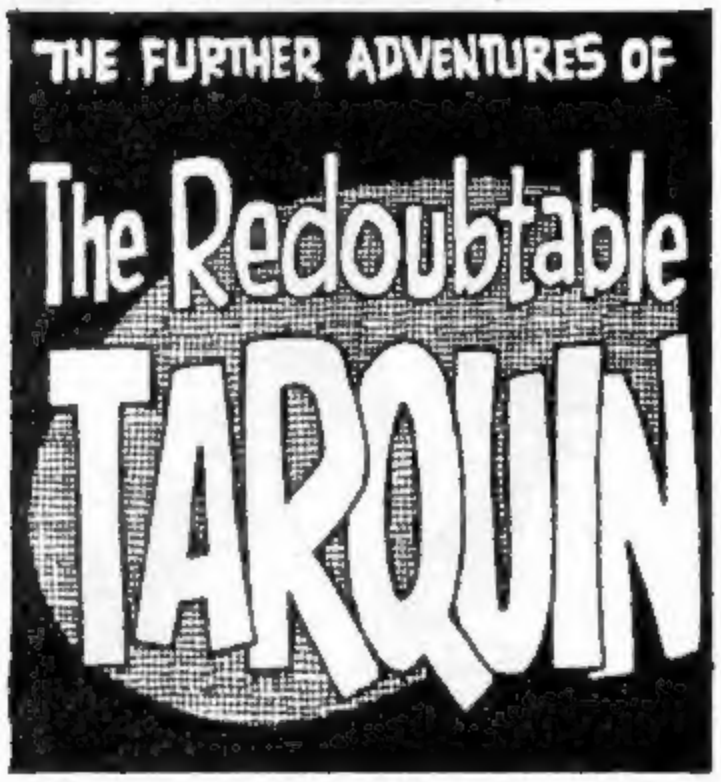






ZOOT: THE WORST THING ABOUT COCKROACHES





BLACKMAIL III

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- KNUCKLES THE MALEVOLENT NUN #1, 2 (COMIC FORMAT, $2·25 EACH, CORNELIUS STONE AND ROGER LANGRIDGE)
- LEATHER UNDERWEAR (FEATURING KNUCKLES THE NUN ~ MAGAZINE FORMAT, $2·50, ROGER LANGRIDGE)
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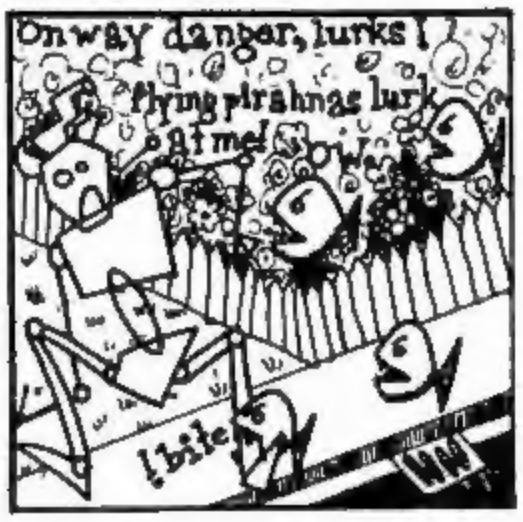
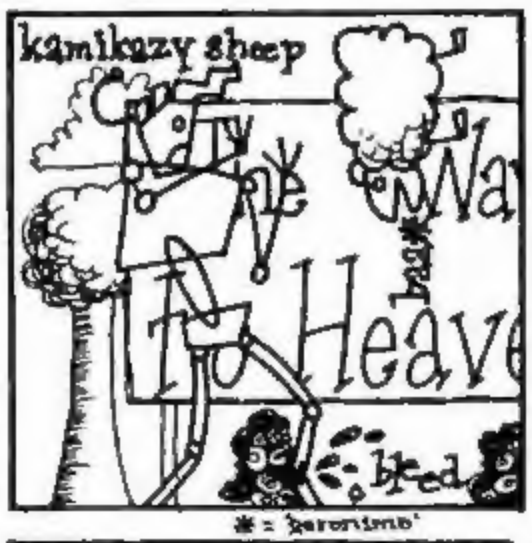
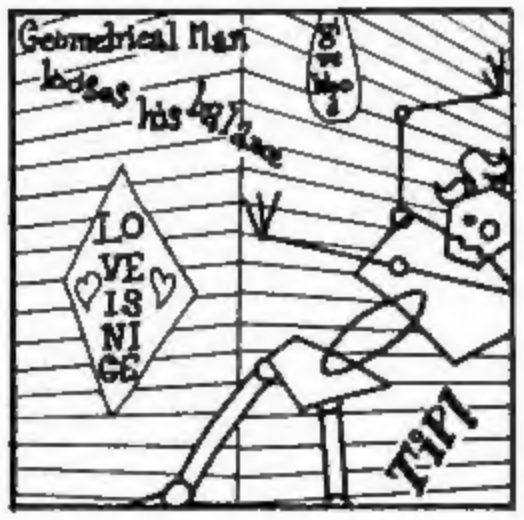
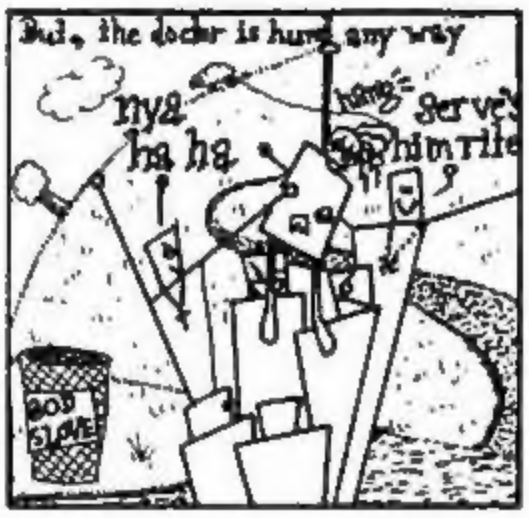
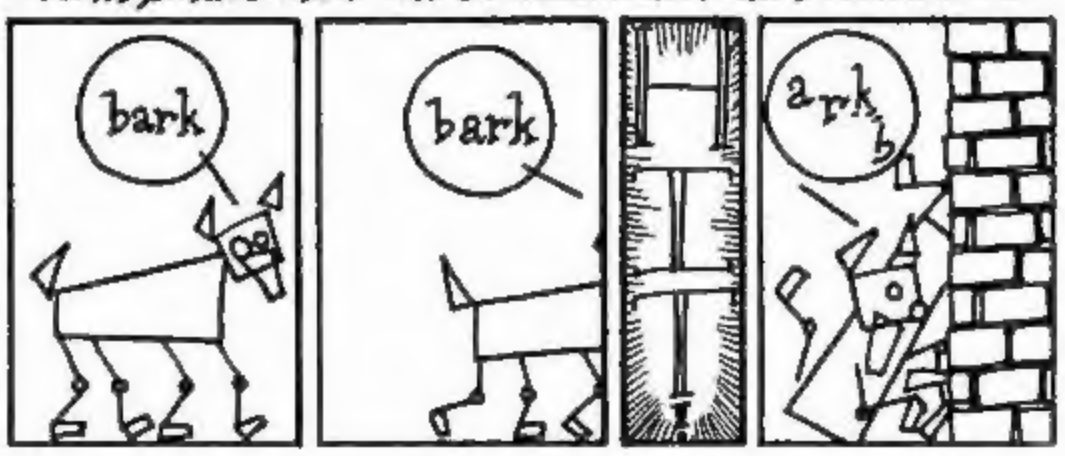


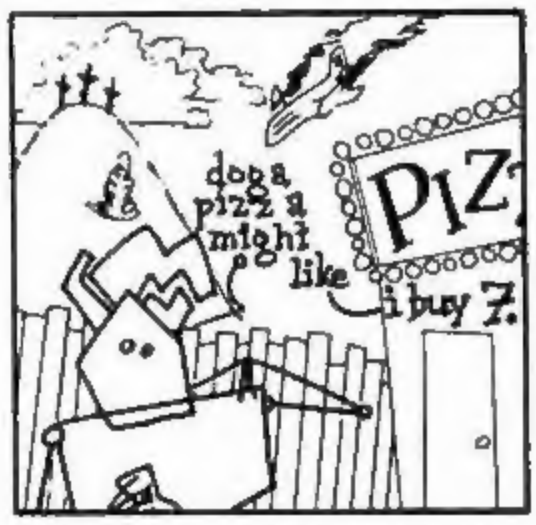


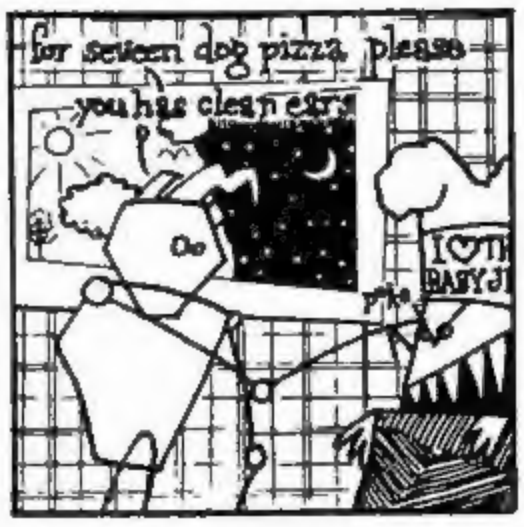


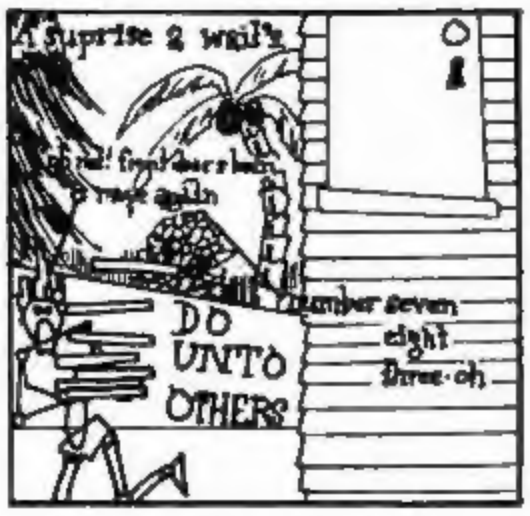


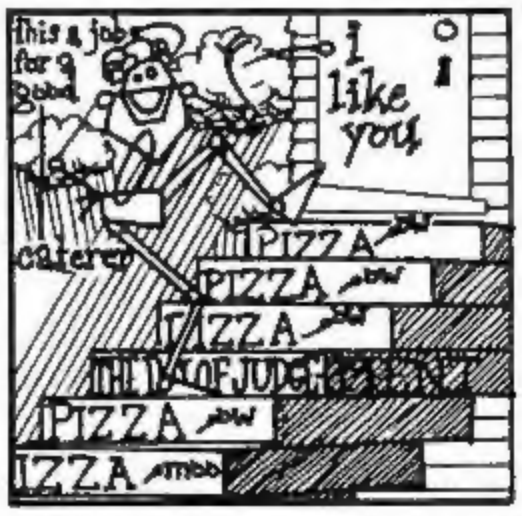
Mean, While Ace the Geometrical Hound walk into a wall.

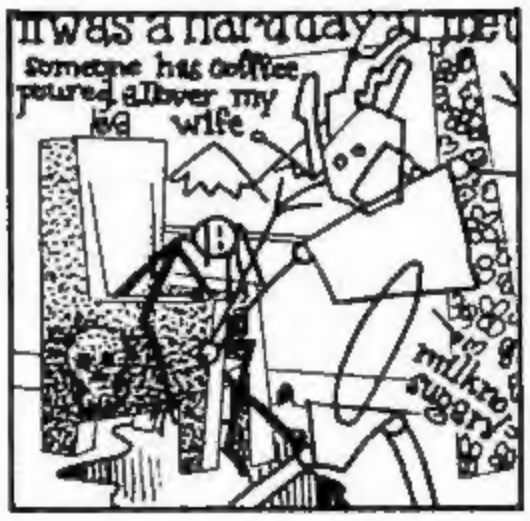


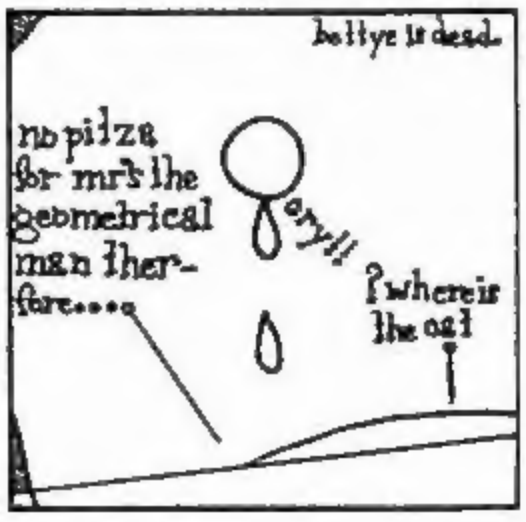


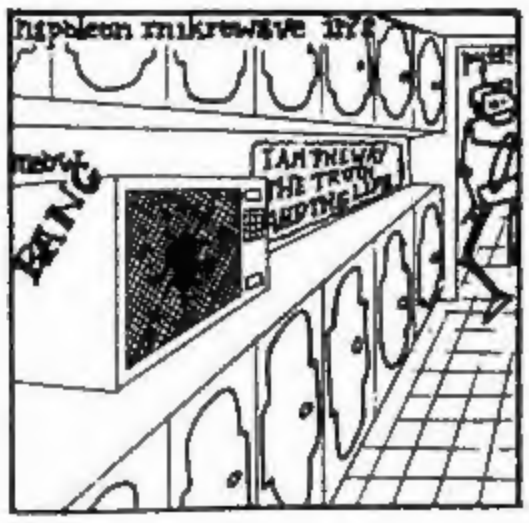


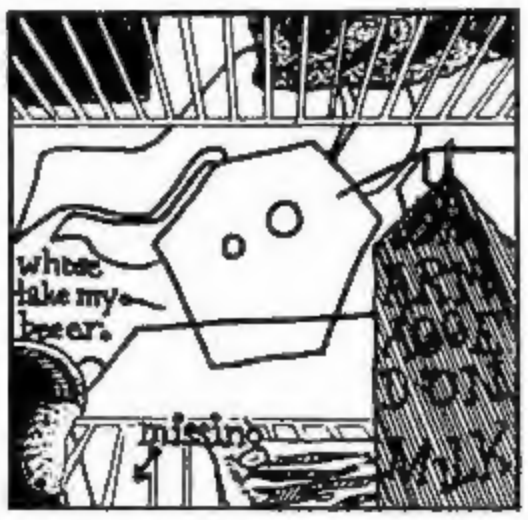


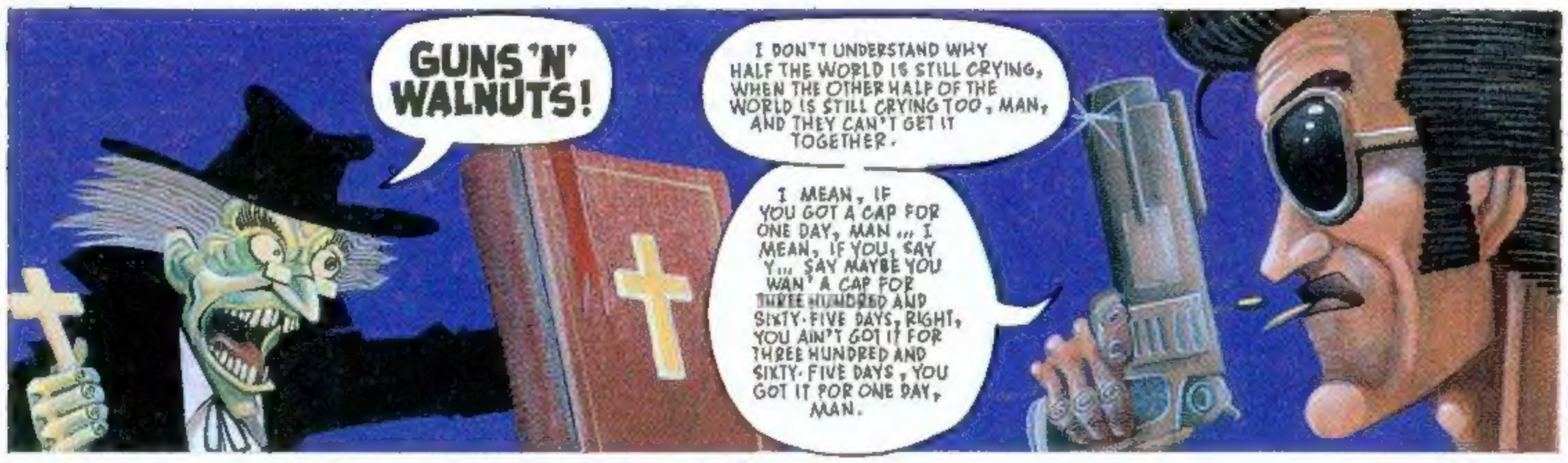




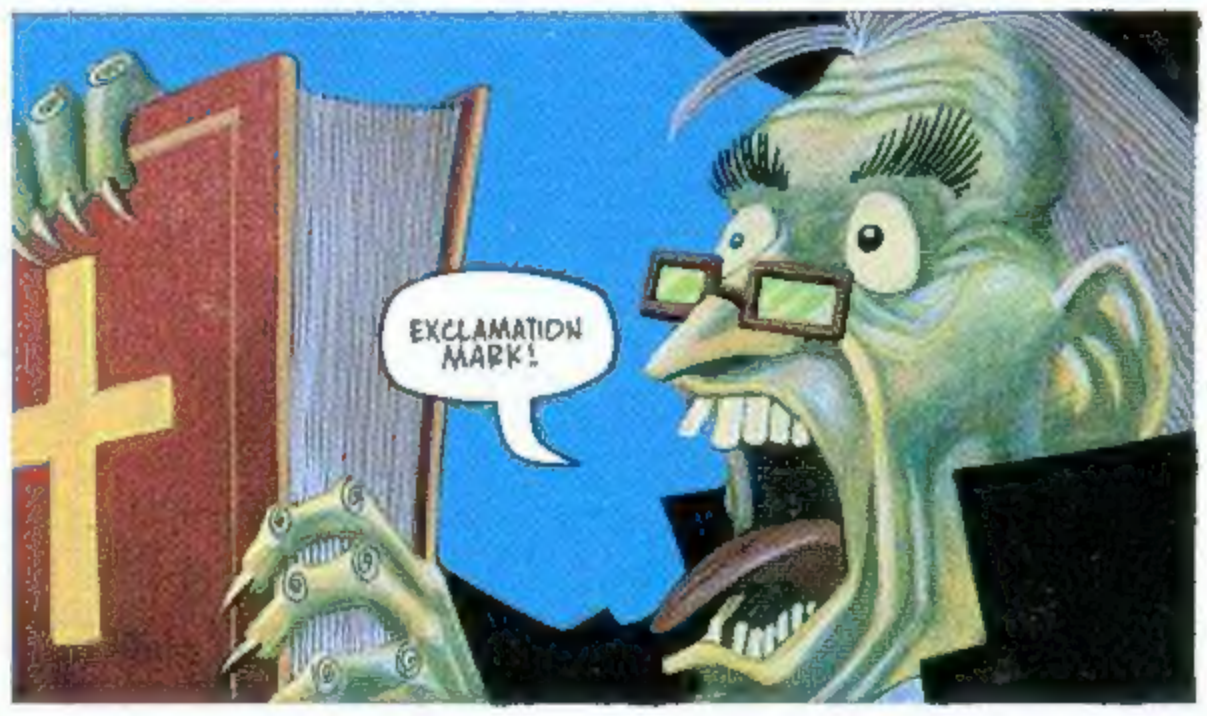




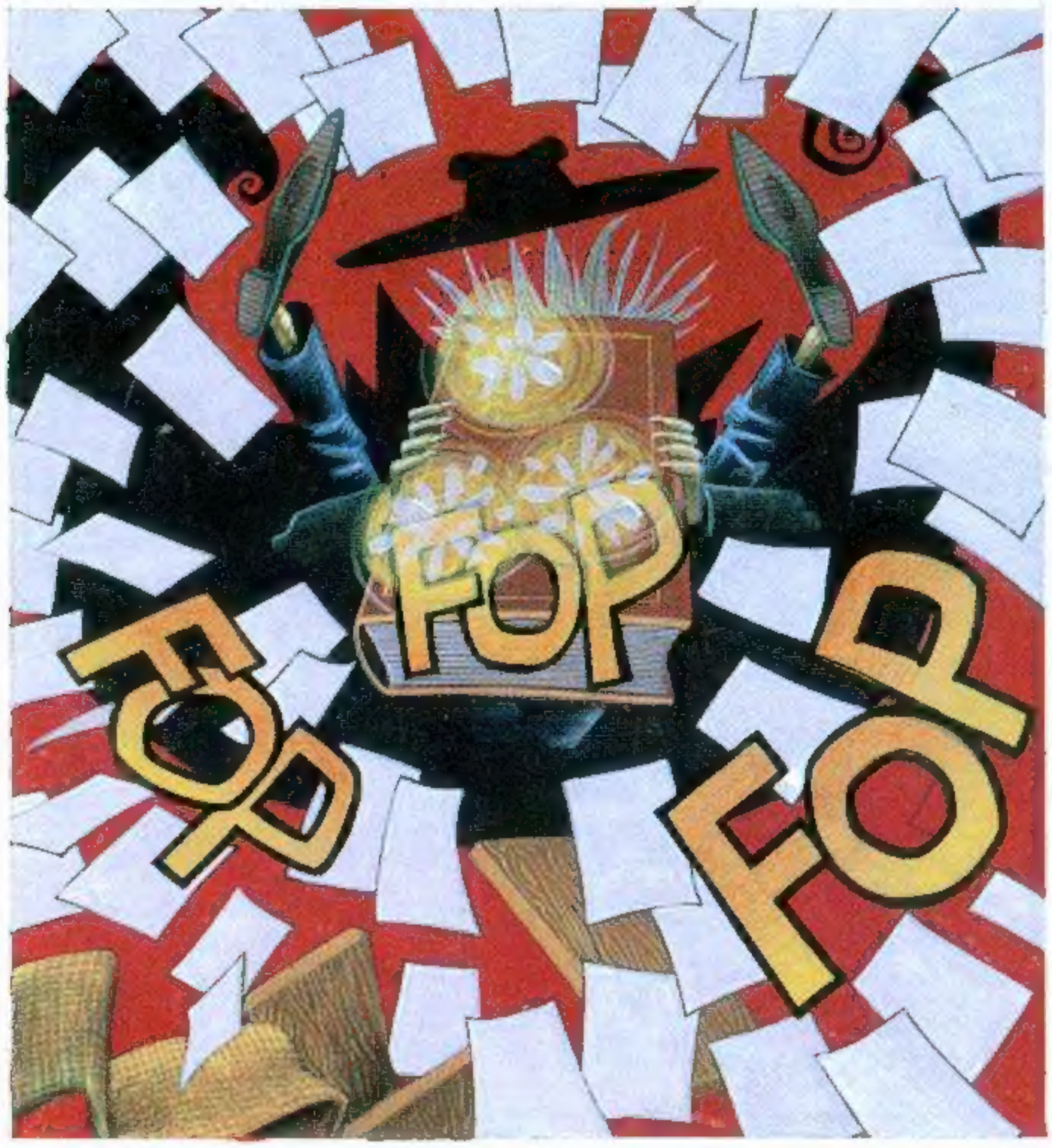



GUNS 'N' WALNUTS!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HALF THE WORLD IS STILL CRYING, WHEN THE OTHER HALF OF THE WORLD IS STILL CRYING TOO, MAN, AND THEY CAN'T GET IT TOGETHER.
I MEAN, IF YOU GOT A CAP FOR ONE DAY, MAN ... I MEAN, IF YOU, SAY Y... SAY MAYBE YOU WAN' A CAP FOR THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS, RIGHT, YOU AIN'T GOT IT FOR THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS, YOU GOT IT FOR ONE DAY, MAN.

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, MAN, THAT ONE DAY BETTER BE YOUR LIFE. BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, YOU CAN SAY, OH MAN, YOU CAN CRY ABOUT THE OTHER THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR, BUT YOU'RE GONNA LOSE THAT ONE DAY, MAN, AND THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT.
YOU GOTTA CALL THAT LOVE, MAN. THAT'S WHAT IT IS, MAN.


EXCLAMATION MARK!

SPOO SPOO
SPOO


FOP
FOP
FOP

IF YOU'VE GOT IT TODAY, YOU DON'T WEAR IT TOMORROW, MAN... 'COS YOU DON'T NEED IT.
'COS, AS A MATTER OF FACT, AS WE DISCOVERED ON THE TRAIN, TOMORROW NEVER HAPPENS, MAN, MAN.
IT'S ALL THE SAME DAY, MAN.